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## **Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 24, Number 4 September 1978**

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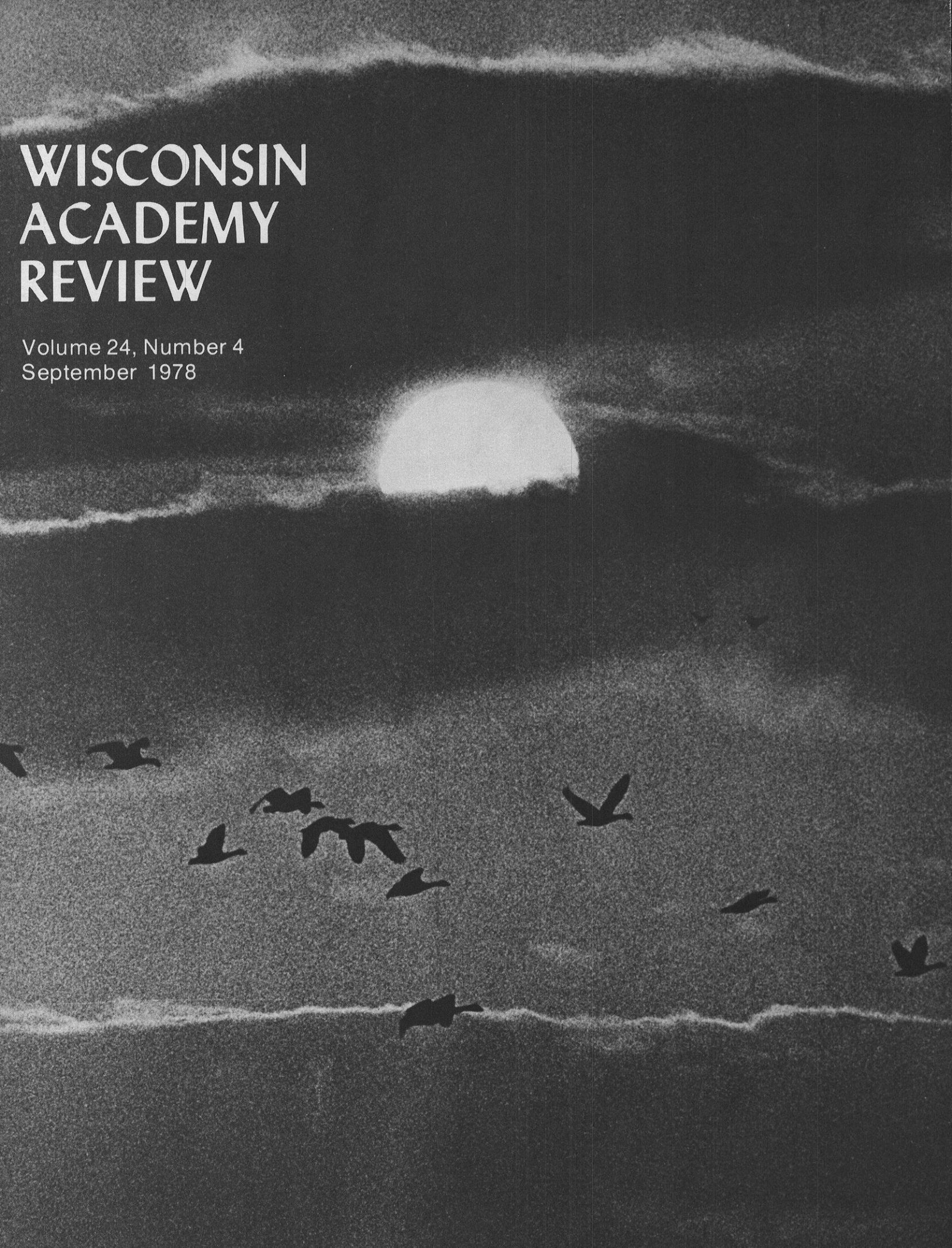
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# WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 24, Number 4  
September 1978



## Blacklisted words

Managing editors and others who traffic in words inevitably develop super hates. As Irving Wallace's researcher, Elizabeth Kamphorne, noted in the margin of one of his manuscripts, "I'm getting to the point where I hate this word. Why, why do you love it so?"

My list of Most Hated Words is topped with six that have equal power to catapult me up my plasticized grass cloth partition, clawing and spitting. They are: *less*, when *fewer*, referring to individual items, is preferred; *parenting*; and *instructional materials center* or *IMC*. Just mentioning them sets my blood surging ominously.

Why, why do so many fail to distinguish between quantity in mass and quantity in units? Why, why does everybody love *parenting* (as in "Understanding the causes of parenting problems..." from a high school mailing)? As for *IMC*, what misguided jargon lover ever got the idea that *library*, a word rich in beautiful, appropriate, and civilizing associations gathered over the centuries, couldn't mean a repository for books and the plethora of audio-visual apparatus now contained therein?

*Instructional materials!* Lord, how it tarnishes the tongue and deadens the ear. *Parenting!* It's almost worth remaining childless to avoid it. The less number of times I hear these abominations, the less ulcers and the less grey hairs I'll develop.

—Elizabeth Durbin

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The date of this issue is September 1978



ON THE COVER. . .  
Edgar G. Mueller, a  
Mayville photographer for  
40 years, is famous for his  
photographs of Horicon  
Marsh. He also in-  
troduced the use of news  
photos on the "Dodge  
County Pioneer," a Ger-  
man language newspaper  
published by his father and  
grandfather.

# WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

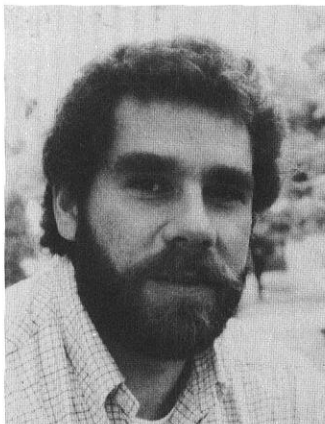
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**September 1978**

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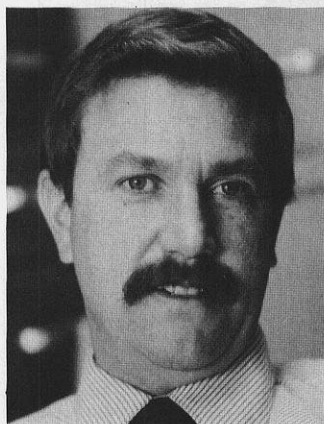
## ABOUT THIS ISSUE. . .



**Jon Grand**

Sometimes good articles come in pairs. The twin contributions from **Jon Grand** and **Dave Stephenson** on ground water seem particularly suited to the double approach, one scientific and one humanistic.

**Jon Grand** holds a BA in English and an MS in water resources management from the University of Wisconsin. He says, "I have long felt that the chasm that currently divides the sciences from the humanities has hampered scholars in both. A technical appreciation of natural phenomena is heightened and complemented by a knowledge of the literary, artistic, and philosophical discussions on the same subject." His article, "Myth



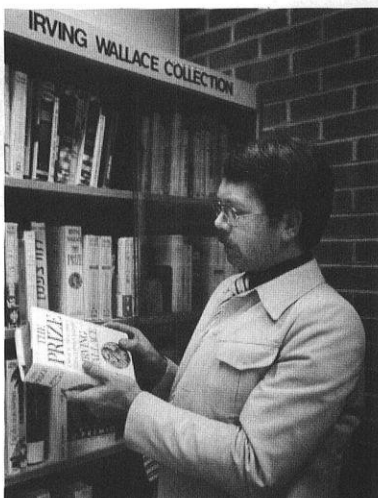
**Dave Stephenson**

and **Mystery of Ground Water**," was originally developed as a talk for a series of workshops on the "Future of Ground Water in Wisconsin," sponsored by the Wisconsin Humanities Committee.

**Dave Stephenson**, who wrote "So How Come Our Well Has Gone Dry?" concentrates his professional focus on the water resource aspects of energy development and resource management and planning. For fun, he indulges in backpacking, mountain climbing, and rock collecting. A Madisonian for 13 years, he vacations west. This summer made it 22 years in a row that he has camped in the Wyoming Rockies.

**Andrew M. McLean**, author of "Irving Wallace: A Wisconsin Resource," teaches English literature and the modern novel at UW-Parkside, having previously taught at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, from which institution he received his PhD. He is currently compiling a bibliography of Wallace's writings.

Wallace's popular *Book of Lists* has everyone list-minded. Readers who have developed lists on any topic, from dinner party guests to books with which to abandon ship are asked to share their efforts with members via "Triforium."



**Andrew McLean**



**Rosa Fred**

Where were you in 1946? If you were a returning veteran on a college campus, you had lots of company. **Rosa B. Fred**, then the wife of the new president of the University of Wisconsin, and **Gladys D. Kauffman**, then the wife of a veteran enrolled at the University of Denver have re-created those years in their article "Chaos on Campus."

**Rosa Fred** grew up in Blacksburg, Virginia, the daughter of a professor at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. There she met a young student named E.B. Fred. The Freds have lived in Madison since 1913 when Fred first came as an assistant professor in bacteriology.

**Gladys Kauffman** recently received her BA through independent study from Goddard College in Vermont. Her thesis topic was "Women at Mid-Life." She has taught painting and stenciling in Madison and has also been active with the Madison Children's Theater. Boston-born, she married her husband Joseph just before he enlisted in the Army. He went on to become the dean of student affairs on the Madison campus and later president of Rhode Island College. He is now back on the Madison campus as a professor of educational administration.

Two men, both veteran-students at the university, provided help in gathering pictures to accompany the veterans article. **Gary Schulz**, an Air force vet, and **Thomas H. Murphy**, a Navy vet, both enrolled

*continued on page 39*

**Gladys Kauffman**



# IRVING WALLACE: A WISCONSIN RESOURCE

by Andrew M. McLean

Irving Wallace, who grew up in Kenosha, is an enormously successful, popular author. He has published ten novels and ten non-fiction works that altogether, in various editions and translations, have sold over 112 million copies. Less well known are the more than 500 articles and short stories; the screen, radio, and television plays; and early ghost-written pot boilers that gave Wallace bread and butter for most of his life.

Wallace's parents, Russian Jewish immigrants, moved from Chicago, where Irving was born, to Kenosha in 1917 and lived there until 1936. It was in Kenosha where young Irving spent his early years and began his writing career, contributing to local papers. Hence, it was to the newly established University of Wisconsin-Parkside in Kenosha that Wallace, in 1968, donated many of his manuscripts.

This material, one of five massive collections of the literary records of Irving Wallace, is housed on 26 linear feet of shelving at UW-Parkside. Four other universities have similar holdings which include manuscripts in various stages of revision, notebooks, story lines, galley proofs, and printed editions of his works—a remarkably valuable resource for students of Wallace, the popular culture movement, or, more generally, the creative process by which a writer achieves success.

Wallace's ability to deal with controversial subjects has put him in the forefront of popular culture, and in 1974, he won the Award of Excellence "for distinguished achievements in the popular arts" granted by the Popular Culture Association. He has an uncanny ability to choose and deal with issues that are right for the times and, in several cases (*The Chapman Report* and *The Man*), his subject led popular consensus.

## FROM 18 TO 44: EVERY SCRAP

It is interesting that a man to whom success came late should have retained every scrap of writing in each stage of composition from the age of 18 until his first financial success with *The Chapman Report* at the age of 44. Perhaps the pattern was set by his adoring mother who rescued his early (and sometimes later) efforts from the wastebasket. When success did come, Wallace made good use of such records in demonstrating his progress from conception to publication of his best seller, *The Prize* (1962). His accumulated files, with their notes, jottings, and patient revisions, were so revealing of his creative process that they provided material for his analytical book, *The Writing of One Novel* (1968).

The UW-Parkside collection includes corrected and uncorrected

**How does an enormously successful, popular author work? Strike it rich mining the 26-foot-long Wallace lode at UW-Parkside and find out.**

galley proofs, research notes, travel memorabilia relating to literary research, personal photographs, juvenilia, screen plays, correspondence, reviews, interviews, and press releases. Wallace has carefully annotated each item and has included the background of each manuscript: when it was begun and finished, how many copies were made, and who received them. Often there are remarks about the publisher to whom the manuscript was first offered, who refused it, who took options, how much was paid, and how many copies or editions were printed.

The first 30 years of Wallace's prolific literary trials, errors, and accomplishments give proof of his versatility, his growth in the face of what could easily have become discouragement, and his ultimate discovery of his *metier*. Among his unsold works were two early novels, *My Adventure Trail* and *The Sunday Gentleman*, and 57 original screen plays. These juvenilia and Wallace's later rejected manuscripts provide rich material for a study of a writer's progress; yet it is unnecessary, here, to mention more than a few that are representative of those available at UW-Parkside.

### GOLDY GOLDFISH AND ROMANCE

There are a series of articles ghostwritten by Wallace for famous comedians during 1941-42, and the unpublished short story "Exodus," also written about this time. There are first drafts of articles later printed in different versions, and there is the charming "The Life of Goldy Goldfish," a "true copy of a booklet" written in Kenosha for his parents by a 14-year-old Wallace.

In the copy of Wallace's first unpublished book, *My Adventure Trail*, written in 1935, he notes that it "recounts an intense and romantic experience in my life when I was 18 years old—the age when I undertook the writing of this." The original manuscript will go to Wallace's children. The young

author kept a worksheet as he continued to do for the rest of his life. The collection also has a copy of the original draft of his second book, *The Sunday Gentleman* (1936), a biography of Daniel Defoe. Three publishers rejected it. The original manuscript, Wallace notes, is to be "handed down" in the family.

While in the army, Wallace wrote his first works for the screen, collaborating with Frank Capra, John Huston, and Joris Ivens on such popular orientation films as "When War Comes to America" and "Know Your Enemy Japan." Hired by Columbia Pictures in 1949, Wallace continued to write screenplays for various studios until 1958.

Wallace's first published book, *Fabulous Originals*, came out in 1955, three years before he was able to give up screen writing. The UW-Parkside collection has page proofs of the English paperback reprint. The text of this English edition differs slightly from the American and English hardcover editions of 1955 and 1956. "For this edition," comments Wallace, "I revised some of the sentences—eliminating a number of split infinitives I adored but which came under criticism from some American reviewers in 1955. Purity of grammar is restored to this edition." The manuscript of the first draft of this text, entitled "The Impossible People," indicates how Wallace the writer works. After Knopf had offered a \$1,000 advance, the author started writing the book on February 12, finishing his first draft on October 13, 1954.

The manuscript copy of the first original draft of Wallace's second published book, *Square Pegs* (1957)—nine biographies of American nonconformists and rebels—contains interesting notes in the author's hand. "Taking a leave of absence from Warner Bros. Studio, working in a spare room that my parents . . . had in their LA home—I started this first draft on 23 January 1956 and completed it on 20 April 1956. I continued to revise this draft for the final book

which was published on 22 July 1957."

### RESEARCH: TWO BOOKS AT ONCE

In a letter dated January 20, 1956, to his agent, Paul Reynolds, Wallace remarks that "in non-fiction, it was almost necessary to keep two books in research at once—because of the enormous time expended in preparing for the actual writing." He also tells how he began researching *Square Pegs* when he was in the army: "I dug, made notes, located old and rare books and have it all available." This research is the keystone to Wallace's integrity as a popular novelist; the study of his manuscript revisions and research notes bears this out. Coupled with this thorough research is the unending curiosity of a good storyteller, evident in the growth and development of *The Fabulous Showman*, Wallace's 1959 biography of Phineas T. Barnum.

Wallace had agreed to write a profile of Barnum for two Paramount pictures, but he became so fascinated with his research that he told Paramount that he would write a book instead. At UW-Parkside there is a manuscript copy of the first draft submitted to Knopf. It differs from the published book. There also is Wallace's file copy of his final copy as styled by the printer. The author's outline of Barnum's biography contains this comment: "Incredibly, this outline was a major factor in freeing me from motion picture and magazine writing—enabling me to fully devote myself to books."

Such freedom partially resulted in Wallace's first published novel, *The Sins of Peter Fleming* (1959). This novel, according to Wallace, was inspired by a scene in a French film based on Stendahl's *The Red and the Black* that sent him to researching Stendahl's *On Love*. "This, as well as experiences of friends of mine," Wallace notes, "inspired this first novel." The manuscript is a complete copy of

the first draft with corrections. The published book differs from this manuscript version because Wallace's publisher, Fell, and his attorney deleted and altered passages to tone down explicit sex scenes.

## FREEDOM: "TO WRITE AS I PLEASED"

The young novelist learned from his premier published novel and was encouraged to write his first financial success, *The Chapman Report* (1960). The file reference copy of the original first draft of *The Chapman Report* has written across it this note by the author: "I had no idea any of this [great success] would happen when I wrote these pages. The success of this—my fifth published book—freed me to do what I wished to do most—write books and write them as I pleased."

Wallace's next book was *The Prize* (1962). UW-Parkside has Wallace's own copy of the original first draft which contains an interesting note on the history of the novel as it later was developed in *The Writing of One Novel* (1968). Wallace notes how he "related closely to Andrew Craig," his hero, "throughout the writing." Of the writing itself he says that the first draft was composed under great emotional compulsion—"the first day I wrote five pages, the last day 33 pages. The last 124 pages were written in five days." When Wallace's publisher decided to print illustrations in *The Writing of One Novel* that would show how the author wrote *The Prize*, Wallace made single reproductions of the original manuscript, private journals, research notes, etc. Only four items were selected; the remaining are at UW-Parkside. Of special interest is correspondence with previous Nobel prize winners such as Pearl S. Buck and Sigrid Undset; excerpts from Wallace's private journal; and a large section from *The Prize* that was sent to a research assistant to be revised with the help of a medical doctor in



Irving Wallace

Photo by Gerry Shenson

order to insure medical authenticity.

## A DETERMINED PROOFREADER

This attention to detail is revealed in the original manuscript draft of *The Writing of One Novel* in which long paragraphs are deleted and—as in all his manuscripts—innumerable stylistic changes are made in the author's hand. Wallace is clearly a determined proofreader, yet he acknowledges on the fly leaf of his presentation copy to UW-Parkside that "a bad printer's error on page 18" had been hand-corrected by the author.

UW-Parkside has Wallace's file reference copy of his first draft of *The Three Sirens* (1963). More important, however, are the manuscripts of *The Man* (1964), the fictional story of a black congressman who became President of the United States. Wallace comments on the manuscript of the first draft that "Since I kept—for my children—the original first draft

pages of chapters I, II, IV and most of VII, this is a copy that I have made for my collection—the one version of these pages to be made public." There is also a copy of the earliest submitted version [in fact the copy sent to Gregory Peck by a studio], the last copy of the novel in an early stage "before many rewrites that made it much different than the book published on 18 September 1964." There are also research notes and a small notebook used in 1963 by Wallace in Washington D.C. The UW-Parkside copy of the first set of galley proofs, corrected in Wallace's hand, still do not represent the final novel, but they allow readers to see the book in a very late though unfinished state. UW-Parkside's copy of the final page proofs contains corrections by Wallace's research assistant and changes in proof by the author.

That Wallace worked closely with his research assistant and often heeded her advice is evident in the first galley proofs of the *Sunday Gentlemen* (1965), a collection

of magazine articles written between 1933 and 1953, with a postscript revealing what happened to the subject of each story in the years that followed. The UW-Parkside proof set was worked on by Elizabeth Kamphorne, Wallace's research assistant for many years, and the author notes how he "used perhaps 30% of her suggestions" which he transposed into the galley sent to the publisher. Here is a sampling of her suggestions:

— on the word "unsheathed": "I'm getting to the point where I hate this word. Why, why do you love it so?" and she offers several alternatives.

— at one point in the novel a librarian attendant disappears into a room with "60 million original, rare documents in the Archives of the Indies." The marginalia asks: "60 million? Can this possibly be a true figure?"

— she questions calling A. Conan Doyle an oculist and wonders if this *was* his specialty? This question is crossed out and at the bottom of the galley is written: "Finally found a reference to him as an 'oculist' in Kunitz's *20th Century Authors*."

## UNIQUE SAVAGERY

Perhaps the most thorough researching went into the preparation of *The 27th Wife* (1961), the biography of actress Ann Eliza Young, the 27th and last wife of Brigham Young. It was her scandalous renunciation of Young and of Mormon polygamy that brought an end to the practice of plural marriages in America. The sampling of research notes and correspondence over minute factual points indicates the attention to detail of Wallace the historian. He attempts to root out all known and partially known facts for his story. "The research effort and ingenuity that went into preparing this factual account of a forgotten lady was tremendous," writes Wallace. "I am—with due modesty—proud of the result." The result brought on a

savage attack by Hugh Nibley in *Sounding Brass* (1963). Wallace notes in his copy of this book (at UW-Parkside) that because Nibley is an official apologist for Mormon orthodoxy "his hysterical attack on me and my book is understandable," as is the fact that the book became a 1963 choice of the Latter-Day Book Club. "Yet, this savagery," Wallace notes, "which often happens in literary history—is unique in my career."

Other book manuscripts or galley proofs in the UW-Parkside collection include one of three surviving manuscript versions of *The Plot* (1967) in its earliest form submitted to the publisher, as well as final page proofs as corrected by Elizabeth Kamphorne. The original manuscript draft of *The Seven Minutes* (1969)—corrected by the author during five revisions before submission to a publisher—contains interesting notes on its composition. It was begun in February 1968, completed in rough draft by the end of May, and the fifth and final revision completed in January 1969. There are also copies of the original draft of *Nympho and other Maniacs* (1970), candid stories of some 30 women who defied the social standards of their times, and the original first draft of *The Word* (1972) a novel which explores the effect of the greatest archaeological discovery of all time, the original gospel written by James, the younger brother of Jesus.

## SCREENPLAYS: INHERENT DIFFICULTIES

The manuscripts of the screenplays adapted from Wallace's books provide an insight into the difficulties inherent in that genre. Since 1959 studios have acquired the rights to eight of his works, although Wallace has refused to adapt any of them himself. The UW-Parkside collection has screenplays adapted from four: *The Fabulous Showman*, *The Chapman Report*, *The Prize*, *The Man*, as well as a copy of Wallace's

last screenplay, *The Big Circus*. There are three versions of the screenplay for *The Fabulous Showman*: the one completed by Wallace in seven weeks which he considered his "best film job"; the second by Robert Bassing, shelved as "too expensive" to produce; and the third by Herbert Baker, also tabled.

A rough draft of the screenplay for *The Chapman Report* is dated 1961. A long holographic note states that "in another age—when this was considered difficult because of the set theme [explicit sex]—there were 8 screenplay authors who wrote, I believe, 14 screenplays before this film was finally made. This was a key script—script number 8—by Don M. Mankiewicz." In commenting on the final draft copy of the screenplay for *The Prize*, Wallace notes that "Except for using some of my characters, and the melodrama in my last chapter, this screenplay was otherwise not faithful to my novel." However Wallace makes the reverse judgment on the final screenplay for *The Man*. "The script is faithful to my book." But that statement is made, one should know, after the script had undergone six revisions. The first draft by William Attaway could not find a buyer. In a fourth draft a year later, a group of New York script writers made radical changes in the original screenplay by Attaway. Then Attaway worked with Joy Garrison on the fifth draft, the final version being ready in November 1969. "The times have finally caught up with my books," observes Wallace, "—and the movie."

Virtually all of Wallace's books have dealt with controversial themes or people. They are often set against a historical or cultural background which his popularization brings to life for contemporary readers or audiences. The "fabulous showman," Phineas T. Barnum, for example, is presented within the cultural and economic forces of his time; the nine people labeled "square pegs" were American nonconformists such as

the New England merchant who sent coal to Newcastle and published a book without punctuation, or the hero of the War of 1812 who planned an expedition into the earth's interior through holes in the North and South Poles. Ann Young was involved with one of the most engaging personalities of the American West, while Victoria Woodhill, perhaps not oversexed but certainly an ex-prostitute, was irrational enough to run for President of the United States in 1872 on a platform advocating free love, vegetarianism, birth control, and short skirts. Obviously Wallace's intellectual curiosity is wide-ranging and international.

Wallace has traveled extensively, and he has interviewed world-famous personalities for magazine articles as well as for potential story material (as *The Prize* reveals). Most recently his encyclopedic curiosity, his concern for detail, and his practice of verification of historical fact were demonstrated in *The People's Almanac* (1975) written with his son David Wallechinsky (who uses the original family name); billed as the first reference book ever prepared to be read for pleasure, it contains over one million words and covers more than 25,000 major entries with 952 special articles. It is no surprise, given Wallace's fastidious attention to detail, that he joined his son David and daughter Amy to write *The Book of Lists* (1977), an irreverent but informative compilation of over 500 lists (e.g. "The Three People Who Died During Sex," "The Five Most Hated and Feared Persons in History," etc.). Incidentally, the Wallace family have all written books. Sylvia Wallace, Irving's wife, has published a novel, *The Fountain*, while son David co-authored with Michael Medved *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?*, and daughter Amy collaborated with her father in writing *The Two*, the biography of the original Siamese twins, and co-authored with Bill Henkin, *The Psychic Healing Book*.

#### FOUR OTHER COLLECTIONS

After this extensive description of the Wallace collection at UW-Parkside, a listing of the major items held by the four other universities will suffice.

In summary, the Wallace collection at UW-Parkside is a Wisconsin resource available for mining by researchers interested in almost any facet of the man's work. Wallace's ability as a storyteller, spinning tales of the times, is responsible in large part for his

success as a popular author. His dedication to research and verification and his methodological thoroughness not only serve as vital support to his narrative skills, but also are the *raison d'être* behind such a collection. It is a two-fold advantage for which Wisconsin citizens can be grateful.

---

*Andrew M. McLean is an associate professor of English at UW-Parkside.*

#### The University of Texas:

*The Chapman Report*: the original MS with revisions; 5 other versions; 17 printed editions.

*The Fabulous Originals*: (1955): original MS.

*The Prize*: final galley proofs and 4 other versions.

**Lesser Holdings**: c. 135 published magazine articles and 60 MSS; c. 20 original MSS of short stories; television, radio, and motion picture scripts; and 7 original MSS of plays.

#### Brandeis University:

*The Plot*: first draft with 4 other MSS including the "French research copy."

*The Three Sirens*: first draft and 3 intermediate versions.

**Lesser Holdings**: 74 magazine articles, 13 magazine short stories, 14 plays including juvenilia, and 11 television and radio items, 17 interviews with Wallace, story notes, and correspondence including letters concerning the Kinsey law suit, 1959-1960.

#### The University of Wyoming in "The Irving Wallace Room/ Dedicated to the History of Contemporary Arts":

*Roman Holiday*: sole MS copy of this unfinished work.

*The Plot*: an early draft

**Lesser Holdings**: over 50 MSS of magazine stories including such unpublished pieces as "The Informers" (1945), "The Lone Wolf of Death Valley" (1938), and "The Old Soak" [W. C. Fields] (1945), 17 MSS of motion picture originals, 21 MSS of screen plays, 25 published articles, and 8 sets of galley proofs.

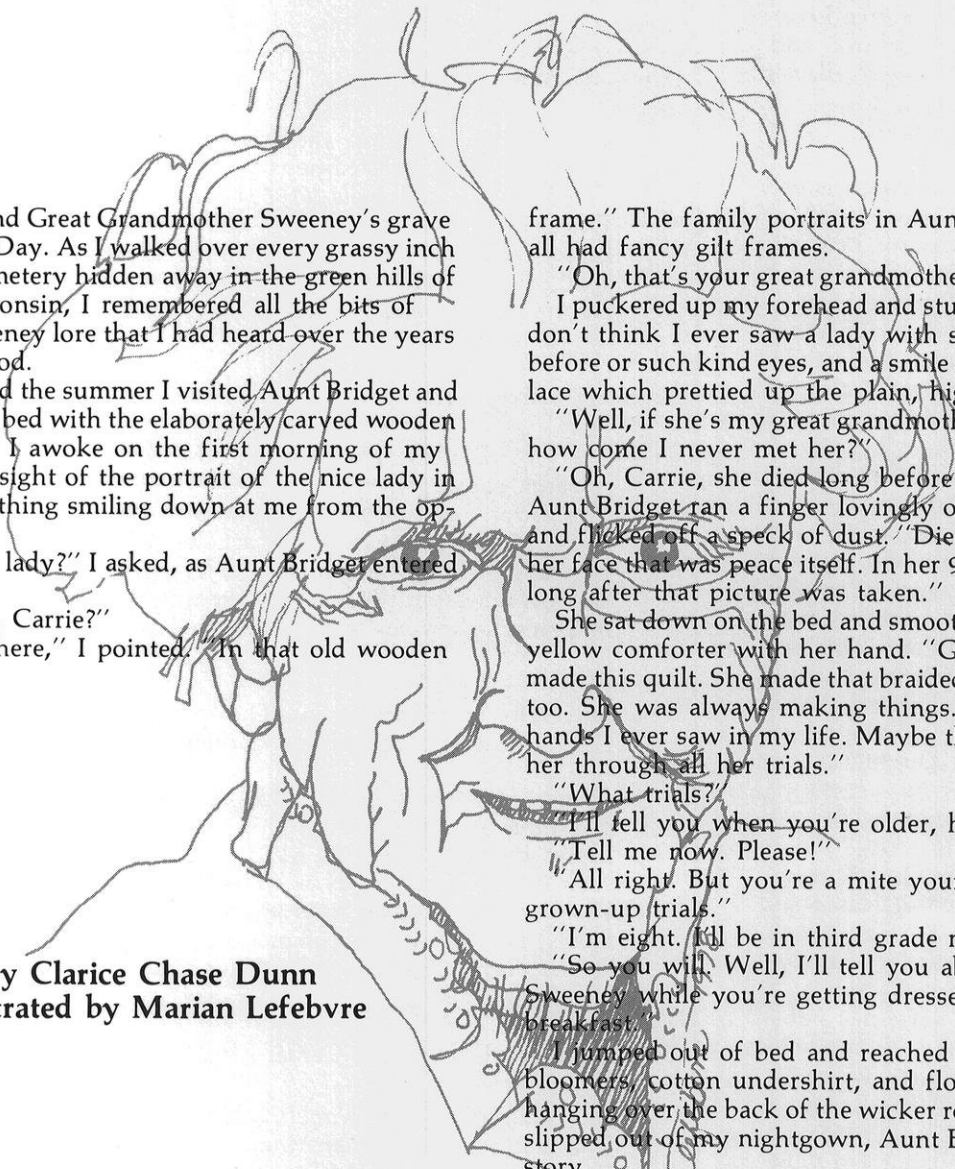
#### Bowling Green University's Center for the Study of Popular Culture:

*The Writing of One Novel*: 2 MS drafts.

*The Nympho and Other Maniacs*: original draft with revisions. *Etcetera* (400 pages): MS written before 1939, unpublished.

**Lesser Holdings**: over 300 letters, files of miscellaneous materials, 19 MSS of screen plays, including "The West Point Story," "Ten Against Caesar," and "The Great Companions" (filmed as "Meet Me at the Fair").

# I Couldn't Find Her Grave



I tried to find Great Grandmother Sweeney's grave last Memorial Day. As I walked over every grassy inch of the little cemetery hidden away in the green hills of northern Wisconsin, I remembered all the bits of Grandma Sweeney lore that I had heard over the years of my childhood.

I remembered the summer I visited Aunt Bridget and slept in the big bed with the elaborately carved wooden headboard. As I awoke on the first morning of my visit, I caught sight of the portrait of the nice lady in the strange clothing smiling down at me from the opposite wall.

"Who's that lady?" I asked, as Aunt Bridget entered from the hall.

"What lady, Carrie?"

"Right up there," I pointed. "In that old wooden

frame." The family portraits in Aunt Bridget's parlor all had fancy gilt frames.

"Oh, that's your great grandmother Sweeney."

I puckered up my forehead and studied the picture. I don't think I ever saw a lady with so many wrinkles before or such kind eyes, and a smile as beautiful as the lace which prettied up the plain, high-necked dress.

"Well, if she's my great grandmother, Aunt Bridget, how come I never met her?"

"Oh, Carrie, she died long before you were born."

Aunt Bridget ran a finger lovingly over the old frame and flicked off a speck of dust. "Died with a smile on her face that was peace itself. In her 90th year, not too long after that picture was taken."

She sat down on the bed and smoothed out the thick yellow comforter with her hand. "Grandma Sweeney made this quilt. She made that braided rug on the floor, too. She was always making things. Had the busiest hands I ever saw in my life. Maybe that's what pulled her through all her trials."

"What trials?"

"I'll tell you when you're older, honeybunch."

"Tell me now. Please!"

"All right. But you're a mite young to listen to grown-up trials."

"I'm eight. I'll be in third grade next year."

"So you will. Well, I'll tell you about Grandma Sweeney while you're getting dressed and ready for breakfast."

I jumped out of bed and reached for my sateen bloomers, cotton undershirt, and flounced petticoat hanging over the back of the wicker rocking chair. As I slipped out of my nightgown, Aunt Bridget began her story.

"Grandma Sweeney was born in Ireland. Her name was Nolan. Mattie Nolan. She was a puny youngone. Just didn't seem to thrive."

Aunt Bridget had pulled up the dark green window shades and was tidying the room.

by Clarice Chase Dunn  
illustrated by Marian Lefebvre

"When she got to be 19, there just didn't seem to be any other way out of it. She had to try a change of climate. The doctor said so. Her folks didn't have much money, so she had to earn her passage across to New York by cooking for the passengers. Well, just because she was puny didn't mean she didn't have any spunk. Do you know what she did when one of the men on board kept going in the ship kitchen and pestering her?"

I shook my head and stood waiting for the answer. Aunt Bridget motioned for me to get on with my dressing.

"She raised her iron skillet in the air and said, 'Now listen to me, Mr. Percy, if you set just one of your two feet over this here threshold, you'll get this spider and the whole heft of me hand right in your pretty face.' And do you know, he didn't believe her but stepped over that threshold!"

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*She raised her iron skillet in the air and said, "Now listen to me, Mr. Percy, if you set just one of your two feet over this here threshold, you'll get this spider and the whole heft of me hand right in your pretty face."*

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"What happened?"

"She let him have it in the face with the skillet, and the divil a soul ever bothered her after that."

She laughed heartily at the memory of it and wiped her eyes with the corner of her percale apron.

I folded my muslin nightgown and tucked it neatly under my pillow as Aunt Bridget made up my bed.

"What happened to Grandma Sweeney after that?" I asked.

"Well, she landed in New York and went through the rigamarole at Ellis Island and on to the big city where she got herself a job cooking in a boarding house. Now, that took gumption."

I nodded.

"And who should she meet on her first Sunday in the new land but Alexander Sweeney himself. He stepped on her foot as they were both hurrying in to Mass before the priest should come out to begin the service."

Aunt Bridget had buttoned my percale pinafore down the back, and now she was brushing and braiding my long brown hair.

"That sure wasn't a very good way to meet!"

"It wasn't the best. But as Grandma Sweeney's temper was rising up in her to say sharp words, she caught sight of the freckled face and sandy thatch of Alexander Sweeney, and she felt closer to Ireland than at any time since they waved her off from its very shores. So the anger died in her, and she smiled up into

the face of the lad who became my grandfather.

"'It's sorry I am to be such a clumsy lout,' he said, his face as red as a beet."

"Then he offered her his arm to lean on as she hobbled into church favoring the foot that had been stepped on. After Mass, he saw her home. She invited him in for a spot of tea, and as he was little more than off the boat himself and lonely for the old land, they talked and talked. That was the beginning of a grand courtship."

I was putting on my long black stockings and round garters.

"What a man he was, Alexander Sweeney," exclaimed Aunt Bridget. "Can you guess how he put the question to her?"

"No." I hadn't the slightest idea what the question was.

"Well, there were rules in her boarding house, and she had to abide by them even if she was the cook and a good one at that. My mother said that she was the kind of cook that could take sawdust and sandpaper and turn out the most mouth watering vittles."

"Was that really true?"

"It was only a saying."

"Well, how did he put the question?"

"Oh, yes. Well, there were rules. By midnight every man caller had to be out of the courting parlor and down the front steps on his way home. And when Grandma wanted more time to think over whether or not she'd have Alexander Sweeney, he said he wouldn't leave that parlor, rules or no rules, until he got an answer. Well, now, Grandma Sweeney was not about to give up her good job while she was making up her mind, so what could she do? She said 'Yes.'"

"I'm glad. Great Grandfather Sweeney sounds like a real nice man."

"Oh, he was that. He could play the fiddle so's you couldn't keep your feet quiet. And dance an Irish jig that would do St. Patrick proud. Stories he told about the little people till you couldn't count them."

I sure liked Great Grandfather Sweeney!

"And he was a hard worker," Aunt Bridget said.

"He saved enough money toting bricks to come west to Wisconsin and get a job in a logging camp. Grandma Sweeney cooked for the loggers. Do you know she was the first woman to cook in a logging camp in this part of the country? Well, she was."

"Who usually cooked?"

"Men. Sometimes they had a talent for cooking and sometimes they didn't. But Grandpa said he wouldn't take a job unless Grandma could live in the camp and cook. And they needed men."

We were going down the long stairway now. I could smell the lingering aroma of coffee and bacon in the big kitchen from Uncle Mike's breakfast. Through the window, I could see him puttering around in the yard.

"When the youngones started coming Grandpa put down a small payment on a piece of cutover land. He built a cozy log cabin on it and Grandma lived there the year round. Grandpa broke and seeded an acre or two

each summer and then went back to the woods to work for cash money in the winter."

I sat down to the big wooden table, and Aunt Bridget brought me a steaming bowl of cornmeal mush from the black iron kettle on the back of the cook stove.

"He planned to quit work in the woods just as soon as he laid by enough money to pay off the mortgage and hire men to help him clear more land. He said he had it in his mind to build Grandma a house that would be fit for a lord."

I clapped my hands.

"I'll bet it was a great big brick house! Was it, Aunt Bridget?"

"He never built it, Carrie," Aunt Bridget answered sadly.

"Never?" I almost choked on my cornmeal.

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*"...she caught sight of the freckled face and sandy thatch of Alexander Sweeney, and she felt closer to Ireland than at any time since they waved her off from its very shores."*

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"The poor man met his death in the Mississippi River."

I started to cry. I had just met Grandpa Sweeney, and now he was gone. Taken from me by a few words from the mouth of Aunt Bridget. It was too much for an eight year old! Too much!

"See, I told you you were too young to hear about grown-up trials. That's probably why your folks never told you about Grandma and Grandpa Sweeney."

"I never asked them," I sobbed.

"Well, I shouldn't have told you either. Get last Sunday's funny papers off the parlor table. I'll read them to you while you eat your breakfast."

"No, I want to hear about how Great Grandpa Sweeney died."

"All right, dearie, but any more blubbing, and I don't finish the story."

"No more blubbing," I promised.

"Well, Grandpa Sweeney had taken logs down the Mississippi to New Orleans on a raft. He came back up the river on a steamboat. On that boat were two old ladies just over from Ireland. Now don't ask me what they were doing on that boat or how they got there or where they were going. I don't know. All I know is they were there and they were talking in the old language and keening and no one on shipboard could understand a word they said until Grandpa Sweeney came along."

"What's keening?"

"Blubbing in Irish. High pitched. Grandpa spoke Gaelic too, so they told him they hadn't had a bite to eat since they got on board. There wasn't any dining room on the boat, I guess. So the good man said he'd

get them some vittles when the boat docked for a spell at St. Louis. Which he did. But while he was in the town, a storm blew up and when he went back to the boat, he slipped on the gangplank and was drowned in the Mississippi."

I had promised Aunt Bridget I wouldn't cry, so I didn't. But there was a lump in my throat that made even the cornmeal mush go down hard. Then I thought of Great Grandma Sweeney in her little log house on the land that Great Grandpa Sweeney was going to make into a fine farm with a house on it grand enough for a lord, and sharp grief welled up in me.

"Who told Grandma Sweeney?"

"Mr. Rutland. He owned the logging company Grandpa worked for. He went in person to call on Grandma Sweeney. A good looking man he was in a tall hat and stiff white collar, and clothes the like of which you didn't see on everybody in those days. He walked up the path with his shiny shoes and his cane getting all spattered with spring mud, and knocked on the door.

"Come in," said Grandma Sweeney. She was sitting in the wicker rocking chair with the baby on her lap. The other youngones, seven in all, and just like stairsteps, were playing on the floor and in the wood-box. When Mr. Rutland came in they quit playing and gathered round Grandma Sweeney, standing as quiet as wooden soldiers. They didn't often see strangers.

"Mrs. Sweeney?" Mr. Rutland took off his hat and bowed.

"Yes, sir," Grandma Sweeney said, but she wasn't looking at the man's face at all. Her eyes were glued to something he carried in his hand.

"Mrs. Sweeney, I regret to inform you that your husband drowned in the Mississippi River at St. Louis while engaged in an errand of mercy. He bought these things for you in New Orleans." He handed Grandpa Sweeney's satchel and a letter to Grandma.

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*"Here, Tillie, rock the baby and comfort her if she cries. . .I'll be out a spell lining up some jobs."*

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"The letter will explain the circumstances of his death. You have my sympathy." He looked at the youngones with their big eyes fixed on him. "You and your family have my sympathy."

"Grandma Sweeney said in a low voice as if she were talking to herself, 'Sure, and the prophecy was in him. He said it was his last trip. His work for the company was finished, and he could come home for good.'

"Yes, ma'am, he had tendered his resignation and planned to develop his farm."

"God rest his soul," said Grandma. "God rest his good sweet soul." She put the satchel on the table and the letter in her apron pocket. "Would you take a cup of tea, Mr. Rutland?"

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Sweeney, but I can't. My

rig is waiting at the gate. I have a long trip ahead of me."

"And off he went out of that house where he left the bitter news."

"What did Grandma Sweeney do then?"

"She read the letter over twice while the children huddled around her as quiet as children are ever likely to be. Then she opened the satchel and spread the yard goods out on the table.

"I'll make Robbie a pair of britches for school from this fine piece of blue serge," she said. "Tillie, this worsted will make you a nice jacket. This twill for the twins and Frankie. Nellie, you'll start school in a dress of blue gingham like I promised you. Your papa saw to that. The baby a knitted cape and bonnet from this yarn. Billy—scarf and mittens. He didn't forget a thing." She touched each piece of yarn and yard goods like it was the grandest silk. Then she turned to her oldest daughter.

"Here, Tillie, rock the baby and comfort her if she cries. Robbie will help you. I'll be out a spell lining up some jobs."

"Did she find a job?"

"She did. There were no widow's pensions in those days, so she sewed and washed and ironed and cleaned and cooked for other people until she had her children raised. My mother was the youngest of the lot and now she's a great grandmother herself."

"Didn't Great Grandmother Sweeney even cry because Great Grandpa Sweeney was dead?"

"I never heard that she cried during the daylight hours, but I have an idea that her heart scalded her at night when the work was done and the children in their beds so that the tears ran hot on her pillow."

"But how could she work so hard when she was so puny?" I demanded. "You said she left Ireland because she was so puny."

"I don't know as she ever remembered she was puny. She was that busy. Or maybe the climate did agree with her better. Who knows?"

"Aunt Bridget, is it all true?"

"True it is. Every word of it. Of course, the story differed a bit each time I heard it depending on who did the telling. My mother told it a bit different from Aunt Tillie, and Uncle Robbie put in some details the others left out. But in the main it's true. I take the parts I like best from each telling and tell it my own way. Now finish your cornmeal mush before it gets stone cold."

I couldn't find Great Grandmother Sweeney's grave in the forgotten little cemetery on the hill. I found the graves of her children and some of her grandchildren. But her grave had no marker. And it needed none. I felt her presence as surely as I felt the warm breeze wafting its scent of lilac into this place of peace.

## THE SIXTIES

by George Gott

Here you were in college  
having your war,

writing about it,

defeating me in mine.

Hating me for not completely dying  
when I had a chance.

What you knew I knew,  
but I couldn't tell you then.

During a really good war  
everybody dies.

That small part of me  
that survived  
did so because it  
did not like Hitler  
but it did not hate him  
either.

That small part of me  
that survived  
did so because it  
did not hate Churchill  
but it did not like him  
either.

Now you know.

If you are listening:  
Now you know.

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# THE MYTH AND MYSTERY OF GROUND WATER

A discussion of the lore of springs and wells: nymphs and sprites, healing powers and doorways to the underworld, rituals and water witches.

by Jon Grand

## The Springs

In a country without saints or shrines,  
I knew one who made his pilgrimage  
To springs. Where in his life's dry  
years,

His mind held on. Everlasting,  
People called them, and gave them  
names.

The water broke into sounds and  
shinings

At the vein mouth, bearing the taste  
Of the place, the deep rock, sweetness  
Out of the dark. He bent and drank  
In bondage to the ground.

—Wendell Berry

Imagine water bright in the sunlight as it trickles, oozes, and flows out of rock, or from cracks in the earth, or from the sides of hills. Imagine the gentle murmuring sound—like a voice or a song. Watch closely as the light plays tricks on your eyes and the water, like Proteus, seems to form itself into a variety of shapes. As your mind is captured, you realize that there is something magical about springs, something alive and just barely out of reach.

The reverence for springs and wells, the sense of mystery and wonder that surround them, are part of a long tradition which is derived partly from human curiosity about the nature of things, and partly out of fear engendered by a life and death dependence on water supplies. There is, in short, a "specialness" about underground water. Do you doubt the ability of

hot springs to soothe your aches and pains? Can you seriously question the health-giving properties of Perrier water? Are you so skeptical about the critical relationship between good beer and water that "some say flows all the way from Canada" underground?

Carl Jung, in *Man and His symbols*, said:

As scientific understanding has grown, so our world has become dehumanized. Man feels himself lost in the cosmos, because he is no longer involved in nature and has lost his emotional "unconscious identity" with natural phenomena. . . . Thunder is no longer the voice of an angry god, nor is lightening his avenging missile. No river contains a spirit, no tree is the life principle of a man, no snake the embodiment of wisdom, no mountain cave the home of a great demon. No voices now speak to man from the stones, plants, and animals. Nor does he speak to them believing they can hear. His contact with nature is gone, and with it has gone the profound emotional energy that their symbolic connection supplied.

Before the days of science, the various investigations into the causes of natural phenomena were



lumped under the rubric of natural philosophy. One item of interest to natural philosophers was the origin of springs, and their explanations continue to have not only a certain charm, but also an elegance.

Among the earliest writers there was a consensus that springs originated from one or more large subterranean lakes or caverns. Both Anaxagoras (500-428 B.C.) and Plato (429-347 B.C.) believed that within the earth there was a large cavern filled with water, that all rivers had as their source and that all their waters eventually returned to.

Because it was obvious that such an underground reservoir, no matter how large, must eventually run dry unless water somehow returned to it, alternative speculations as to the sources of ground water soon developed. Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), in refuting Anaxagoras, contended that the water which emerged from the earth in springs came from: 1.

That is, earth could change into fire or air or water and back again. Thus, if rainwater were insufficient as a source of spring water, the deficit could be made up by the changing of some other element into water. This interchangeability of elements would assure a continuous and sufficient supply of water for springs. Of course, because the amount of the elements was fixed and because nature would seem to maintain a balance between elements, eventually some water or some other element would have to change back. However, within this huge system of flux and change there would be, Seneca felt, an ample supply of water to keep springs flowing indefinitely.

As the Classical Period waned and the Medieval Period succeeded it, the Church emerged as the focus of intellectual life. The Holy Writ was the final authority on all matters religious and secular. According to the Bible (Ecclesiastes 1, verse 7), the sources of rivers and

There, water, heated by the earth's core, vaporized, rose through channels up into the mountains, and condensed. This particular solution also took care of another worrisome problem: How did salt water from the sea emerge pure and sweet from mountain springs? Distillation, again, provided the answer.

The mechanics of how water could be made to run uphill from the depths of the ocean to the tops of the mountains continued to worry some scholars well into the Renaissance. In 1665 Athanasius Kircher (1502-1680) published in *Mundus Subterraneus* his theory of this process. He envisioned the interior of the earth as a series of vertically rising tubes. When tides pushed an excess of water over the holes in the ocean, the pressure caused the water to rise in the tubes. He demonstrated his theory using a u-shaped tube; as he applied pressure on one side, he observed the rise of water in the other.

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## **In the absence of precise science, the natural philosophers derived explanations that had both plausibility and elegance.**

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rain water that had percolated into the earth's crust; 2. water formed within the earth's crust through the condensation of air; and 3. the condensation of vapors that rose from some unspecified source deep within the earth. All this water, Aristotle believed, was not then stored in some great reservoir but rather, in mountains and uplands. These high spots were believed to act much like giant sponges soaking water up from the interior of the earth and releasing it. This theory solved one major dilemma: to wit, how water got up into the mountain springs from which the rivers came.

Seneca (3 B.C.-65 A.D.) was also concerned with the issue of how the source was recharged. The Stoics (of whom Seneca was one) believed that the elements—earth, air, fire, and water—were interchangeable.

spring were the oceans: "All rivers run into the sea yet the sea is not full; unto the place from which the rivers come, thither they return again."

If the Holy Writ identified the source of water for springs and rivers, it did little to illuminate the process by which this water circulated. Scholars assumed that holes (also identified as whirlpools) must exist in the ocean to drain the water out of the sea. If this had been the case however, the next problem would have been to determine how water got from holes in the depths of the oceans to the sides of mountains where it emerged as springs.

For the faithful, the answer was simple: the heavens drew the water up like a giant magnet. Others conceived of the earth's internal structure as a large distillation plant.

If the various theories seem quaint to us now, they continue to have a certain creative appeal. In the absence of precise science, the natural philosophers derived explanations that had both plausibility and elegance. However, the Renaissance saw the gradual demise of natural philosophy and the emergence of science. As early as the 1400s, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) ascertained the true sources of spring water, and while the old explanations continued to be refined, the move toward modern hydrologic theory gradually predominated.

The natural philosophers were not the only ones to marvel at and seek to explain the origins of ground water and of springs. The myth makers, whoever they were, devised imaginative explanations and assigned various attributes to them. To our ancestors (and to us as well) flowing water—especially when viewed bubbling up from the ground or seeping, glistening, from rocks—seemed alive, and because it

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## **The creative imagination of our ancestors often personified the spirits of fountains, wells, and springs.**

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was vital for all living things, divine. The creative imagination of our ancestors often personified the spirits of fountains, wells, and springs.

To the Greeks, these water spirits were nymphs—female spirits of nature who, while not themselves divine, had divine powers. They were young and fair, fond of dancing and music, and often patronesses of the healing arts. They were also the source of poetic and prophetic inspiration. In Norse mythology the water nymphs would, if caught, keep house for their captors. But if presented with a new robe, the nymphs would disappear.

American Indians imagined their springs, lakes, and streams to be peopled with small, human-like creatures called water babies. While not always malevolent, water babies were feared and generally regarded as mischief-makers. For example, they were often accused of tugging at the lines of fishermen and tearing the nets to let fish escape.

The association between healing and springs is an ancient one. A variety of myths deal with springs that cure infertility, although it is not certain whether it is the water that acts as the cure or the water spirit who impregnates the bathing female. Cures for arthritis, gout, tumors, and numerous other afflictions were ascribed to the powers of various hot springs, much as they are today.

Like springs, certain wells were also said to have healing powers. One tale credits Athena with constructing the first healing well for the use of Hercules at the completion of his labors. This association led to a later struggle in heaven between Hercules and Apollo as to who should have primacy in healing. Healing wells are a prominent

feature of Celtic mythology. Many tales recount the details of constructing such wells prior to battle for the use of wounded warriors. These wells were said to effect miraculous cures even for those mortally wounded.

As noted earlier, springs and wells were thought to be the source of prophetic and poetic inspiration. The priestess at Apollo's oracle at Delphi prophesied only after drinking from a sacred spring flowing beneath the temple.

In Norse mythology the chief water spirit is Mimir. Mimir made his home beneath the Tree of Life in a deep well (often called Urd's well). The tale is told that Odin, in seeking prophetic power, pledged his eye to Mimir and Mimir stored it in his well. At least two things are of interest in this tale: first, the association of the well as the seat of knowledge and wisdom and its relative position to the Tree of Life; and second, the symbolism of the eye of God. The pledge, Odin's eye, was the eye of heaven, which was seen reflected in the water.

A parallel story occurs in Egyptian mythology. Geliopolis contained the earthly counterpart of the Tree of Heaven, the holy Persea, and the sacred well called the Sun's well. Here, the sun was said to bathe morning and night.

Because water is critical to life, wells and springs supplied convenient metaphors for Biblical writers. Throughout the Old and New Testament, full wells are a metaphor for the highest happiness. The holy wells and springs

in Palestine were said to have been taken over by Yahwe when he supplanted the Baals in their old haunts. While few references are made to distinctive rites and rituals associated with sacred waters in the Old Testament, other writings confirm that such rites persisted among neighboring peoples.

A ritual that is recorded is one performed in conjunction with the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacle. According to one source, water was drawn from Siloam and carried to the Temple through a special gate called the Water Gate. The water was poured on the altar and allowed to blow through a drain into an underground receptacle. The ritual derives from an old charge to pour out the water before God at the feast so that rains of the year might be blessed. It was, then, an old rain charm.

In Christian symbolism, Christ is often referred to as the wellspring of life. The prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah refer to flowing water as a sign of eternal life whose source is God who will assure abundance in the new Jerusalem. It is perhaps not happenstance that many stories of Jesus locate him by a well. As the well was a focal point of village life, it became also a focus of spiritual life.

It is no wonder, given the critical importance of wells and springs not only as a source of life-giving water but also of spiritual, medicinal, and prophetic powers, that numerous rites and rituals for the protection of wells and springs evolved.

In Europe, the charred sticks from the bonfires of Midsummer's Eve were thrown into wells in order to improve the water. In India, a newly married couple added sweet basil to the well water in an elaborate ritual. The basil represented the couple's garden watered by the well. Unless this ritual was performed, the garden

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**The priestess at Apollo's oracle at Delphi prophesied only after drinking from a sacred spring flowing beneath the temple.**

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would not be fruitful and the well would be unprotected.

A similar Roman legend tells of the nuptials of Numa and Egeria. This marriage joined the king of Rome with the goddess of water and vegetation. Since these ancient kings were held responsible for rainfall and for the fruitfulness of the earth, such a wedding was extremely propitious.

Pre-Christian era rituals for the propitiation of well gods required human sacrifices. However, the coming of Christianity caused a movement toward less bloody rituals. Apparently, most water spirits easily accepted the substitution of flowers for bodies. In Bohemia, people cast garlands into the water on Midsummer's Eve. If the water spirit pulled such a garland down it was a sign that the person who threw the garland would die. In the villages of Hesse the girl first coming to the village well on Midsummer's Day was required to put a garland around the mouth of the well. At Fulda, in addition to decorating the wells with flowers, the people chose a Lord of the Wells. While his duties are somewhat obscure, he was probably charged with the carrying out of rituals for the protection of wells.

It seems logical that if keeping the water spirits happy insured a good well, then disturbing these water spirits must also have some effect. It makes sense that a disturbed water spirit would show his

or her displeasure in the form of storms. It therefore seemed possible, through the careful annoyance of water spirits, to bring necessary rain for crops. The Dard's, a Celtic tribe, believed that if a cow-shin or anything impure were placed in certain springs, a storm would follow.

The Huichol Indians of Mexico, to insure rainfall, carried water from a sacred spring to the sea and an equal amount of sea water back to the spring. The two waters, feel-

its origin from a well-known spring of the same name. The Cherokee Indians believed that the streams coming down from the mountains were the trails by which one could reach the underworld. The springs at their heads were the doorways. In order to get through these doorways one was required to fast for a time and then to secure a guide from amongst the underworld people.

The Celtic tales of Diarmaid tell of his entry into the underworld not by a spring but rather through

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### **It therefore seemed possible, through the careful annoyance of water spirits, to bring necessary rain for crops.**

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ing strange in their new surroundings, were supposed to try to return to their old homes by changing into clouds and descending to their proper places as rain.

A different approach was used by the Zulus to bring rain. They would watch for a special "heaven bird" in times of drought. When they found it, it was killed and thrown into a spring, pool, or well. The sight of this killing was supposed to upset the heavens so that they wailed with pity and showered the earth with tears.

Sometimes springs were feared because of their connection with the underworld. The River Styx, the river of the underworld in Greek and Roman mythology, took

a magic well. When Diarmaid drank from the well, a wizard appeared, fought with him, and then vanished into the well. After several days of this, Diarmaid finally clasped the wizard in his arms and together they fell into the well. At the bottom, Diarmaid found himself in a spacious country where he had many adventures.

While springs and wells have long been associated with healing and prophecy, the worship of hot springs was of particular importance and makes a fascinating study on its own. In Greece, the hot springs calcified everything their waters contacted. The weird and beautiful formations that resulted were the cause of wonder among the ancients. They saw, much as we do, the shapes of animals, gods, buildings, temples, and sacred objects in the calcified forms.

The hot springs combined two antagonistic principles: fire and water, destruction and fertility. Hercules, as a patron of hot springs, combined the beneficial and healthful attributes of heat and moisture—thus his association with fertility. It was common for childless women, seeking to cure their barrenness, to visit hot springs. A curious tale concerning the origin of hot springs comes from Norse mythology. When Loki





retreated under the earth to escape the cold of winter, he worked as a herdsman. Tending his herd underground he allowed some heat to escape to the earth in the form of hot springs; the calcifying residue was said to be milk from Loki's cows.

There is an abundance of tales, legends, and myths associated with particular wells and springs. One of these is a tale told about the Well of St. Keyne in Cornwall. According to the legend, "whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby." In a ballad by Southey the story is told of a Cornishman who left his bride at the church porch to hurry to the well. He was outwitted. . . for she had carried a vial of the water to the church with her, had drunk it down, and, we presume, thereafter ruled the roost.

The critical need for locating wells and sources of water resulted in many techniques, charms and rituals. Probably the best known of these is the art of dousing or divining. Most of us are familiar with water witches who find water with a forked twig. Yet, it is not all as simple as it seems. In Moravia, Michlenburg, and Scotland, people believed that a branch of hazel cut on Midsummer's Eve would serve as a divining rod for both water and treasure. In Brandenburg, it was stipulated that you must approach the hazel on Midsummer's Eve by walking backwards. When you reached the bush, you were to silently put your hands between your legs and cut a fork-shaped stick. In order to test the quality of the wand, you would place it in water and, if it was a true divining rod, it would squeak like a pig.

A variant of this procedure required that, when approaching the hazel bush, the following incantation be spoken: "God greet thee, thou noble twig! With God the Father I seek thee, with God the Son I find thee, with the might of God the Holy Ghost I break thee. I adjure thee, rod and spring, by the power of the Highest, that thou show me what I order, and that as sure and clear as Mary the Mother of God was a pure virgin when she bore our Lord Jesus, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, Amen!" It is not clear whether this was to be recited while bending over with one's hands between one's legs.

A variant from Sweden instructs that the cutting should come from a mistletoe bough. Other Swedish tales required the rod to be pounded out of four different kinds of wood: mistletoe, mountain-ash, aspen, and an unspecified fourth.

Does divining or dousing work? Or is this another quaint tale from the past? On Oct. 24, 1977, the *Madison Capital Times* ran a story on the mayor of Rhinelander, Claribel Prosser, who claims to be a water witch. In 30 years she says, all the wells she has pinpointed have come in. On the other hand, many believe that there is underground water virtually everywhere in Wisconsin and no matter where one sinks a well, water will be found.

The myths, the tales, the curiosities abound, and the fascination with ground water, its "specialness," seems undiminished today. It may be as Wendell Berry notes in his poem that our reverence for springs comes from our dependence upon them. We, like his pilgrim, are "in bondage to the ground." Our explanations—mythical, philosophical, and scientific—are the liturgy and theology of the mystery of ground water.

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*Jon Grand is employed by the Department of Natural Resources in the Water Quality Planning section.*

# SO HOW COME OUR WELL HAS GONE DRY?

We were told during a drought one  
July,

That we'll ne'er run out of supply.

"Wisconsin is blessed,

With abundant water," was stressed.

So how come our well has gone dry?

The subject of water resources traditionally is in the public eye only during a crisis. What constitutes a crisis? A well goes dry. Demand for water exceeds supply or the method of delivering a supply. Stream flow decreases. A lake level becomes abnormally low. Or, the water table rises too high, flooding storm drains and causing sewers to back up. The common denominators of these events are a changing water level, or other physical factors, such as inadequate number or size of wells or pumps. The end result is too much or too little water. There are additional dimensions to a ground-water crisis that are water-quality-related and are not always so readily perceived as water level changes. A change related to such a physical factor as a fluctuating water level is less easily controlled than a change related to a chemical factor since the latter more frequently tends to be linked to human activity.

Adverse hydrologic impacts were noted in various portions of Wisconsin during the abnormally wet year of 1975 and during the abnormally dry year of 1976. Some of these impacts were related to changes in the occurrence and movement of ground water. During 1975, water in parts of the state

was high: flooding basements, inundating boat docks, drowning septic tanks, and even causing roads to be closed. Then, in 1976, water levels declined, some wells went dry, and boat docks were left up in the air. Rainfall in June of this year was exceptionally high, causing many of the problems experienced during 1975. Will we return to normal someday? And what is normal? What if a prolonged drought or wet spell occurs? Are we ready for either eventuality? To answer these and related questions we must first explore the nature of ground water in a humid zone.

What is ground water? Some people call it subsurface or underground water. Others say subterranean or phreatic water. Whatever you call this resource, the reference is to the fluid, below a water table, that fills pore spaces in soil and rock and that is ubiquitous throughout the state, although in varying degrees of volume and quality.

Ground water is the chief source of drinking and household water for the high percentage of Wisconsin's population that is served by public water supplies. It is the chief, if not sole, source of domestic and stock water for much of the rural population as well. Many cities in the state, despite the proximity of surface water, are dependent exclusively upon ground water for supply. Ground water is a major source of water for a growing

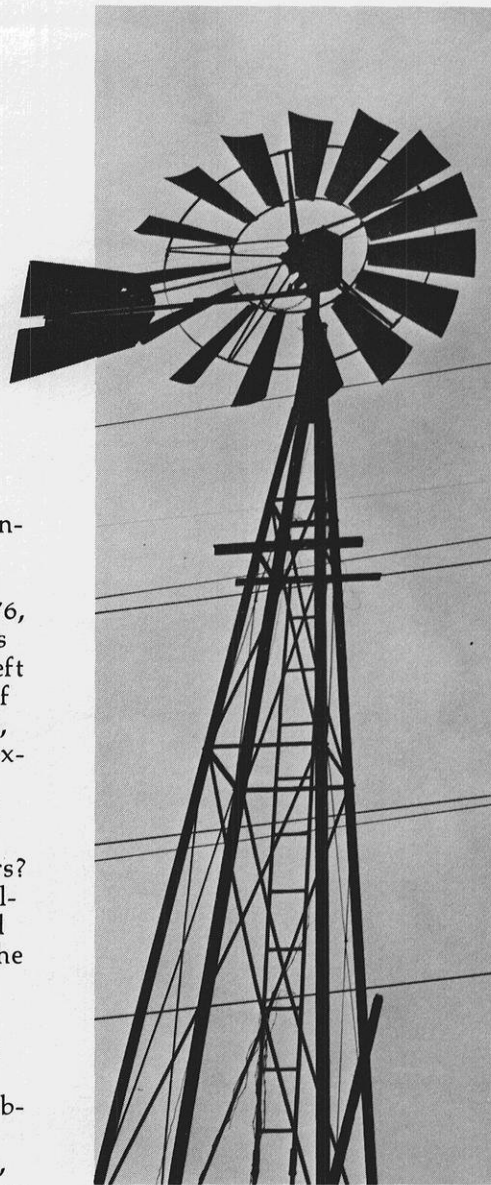


Photo courtesy DNR

A discussion of ground  
water in Wisconsin:  
what we know,  
what we can do,  
and why we have to do it.

by Dave Stephenson

irrigation demand and for various industrial users. In some states, it is also used for household heating and cooling purposes in heat-pump devices.

Ground water in a region as humid as Wisconsin is a renewable resource over long periods of time, given that an average of 30 inches of precipitation falls over the state annually. The situation we face today, despite this long-range potential for replenishment of diminished ground-water supplies, is that we have become accustomed to accepting certain assumptions about the short-term abundance of high-quality water. We assume static climatic conditions, we assume benevolent geologic conditions everywhere over the state, and we assume a predictable demand for water. None of these assumptions is correct.

O.E. Meinzer, once geologist-in-charge of the U.S. Geological Survey's Ground-Water Division, wrote in 1942 that the "Water that occurs below the surface of the land is invisible and relatively inaccessible and has consequently always possessed an aspect of mystery." Were Meinzer alive today, he probably would no longer refer to ground water as inaccessible or even as mysterious. Hydrogeologists can determine where it occurs, how it occurs, how it moves, and at what rate it moves. They can reasonably well determine the impact to ground-water quality and quantity caused by diverse land-use practices. The dust bowl droughts of the 1930s, followed by the industrial boom of World War II and the postwar years, marked the beginning of an era of exploitation of ground water that is still with us. This increasing emphasis on ground water spawned innumerable studies, the results of which have helped scientists dispell the viewpoint that ground water is inaccessible and mysterious. There has been also a coincident development in drilling and well-completion techniques.

Does this mean that no problems exist? That no additional investigations of the ground-water

regime are required? Not at all. As with any resource, there are real and potential problems, and problems perceived by lay persons, associated with exploitation. As with any resource, there are site-specific features that always need to be identified somewhere in the exploitation process. Our surface and subsurface land-use practices are constantly changing, with resultant impacts to both ground water and the ground-water reservoirs. These effects are normally predictable. They can and should be assessed and avoided, where possible, if seen to be detrimental.

It's no surprise that, coinciding with this increased use and awareness of ground water, more questions are being asked of state agency personnel today. As a result, efforts in public educational programing are being increased. Such programing may not only reduce the number of questions, but may also help promote citizen interest in ground water conservation and protection.

obstacle to a clear statement, as to the simple fact that it has been neglected.

It has not been the leading subject of any profession. Few drillers make the causes and conditions of artesian flow a special study, or find it within their province to master the geological elements of the question. Few geologists, among the multitude of more obtrusive resources pressed upon their attention, find themselves able to pursue the subject into its practical details. Few citizens have occasion more than once or twice in their lives to give the matter special consideration. This, however, is growing steadily less and less true. Drillers are developing the sinking of artesian wells into a specialty, and, through the aid of geological reports, are mastering the stratigraphical elements of the problem in their several regions. Geologists are solicited with increased frequency for advice and

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**"The problem of a pure and adequate water supply is among the gravest questions that now lay tribute the thoughts of sanitarians." T.C. Chamberlin, WASAL president, 1885.**

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The following quotation, taken from a report by a prominent Wisconsin geologist and pertaining to ground-water conditions in this state is an example of one citizen's interest in the conservation and protection of ground water.

The basal (sic) principles of artesian wells are simple. The school boy reckons himself their master. But the real problems they present are complex. It is a combination of varying conditions, rather than the application of simple principles, that determines success or failure. A clear statement of these conditions is as rare as a simple, but incomplete, exposition is familiar. This is perhaps not so much due to any special intricacy of the problem, or to any grave

prognostic opinions. Citizens are becoming more widely interested in both the practical and the theoretical aspects of the subject.

Its importance does not need argument, though it may need emphasis. The problem of a pure and adequate water supply is among the gravest questions that now lay tribute the thoughts of sanitarians.

A modern statement? The passage was written by Thomas C. Chamberlin in 1884 just before he assumed the presidency of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Among the many other positions he held were: professor of geology, Beloit College, 1873-82; state geologist, 1876-81; professor of geology, University of Wisconsin, 1888-91;

and president, University of Wisconsin, 1888-92. Thus, he was well qualified to make observations on both the ground-water conditions and the attitudes of people toward that resource. One might argue that not much has been gained in the years since Chamberlin commented on the neglect of ground water. From a scientific viewpoint, that would be wrong. Many studies have been conducted. From a regulatory viewpoint that would also be wrong. There is adequate enforcement of a drilling code for example. But from a management viewpoint, in the sense of far-sighted protection of this resource, we may not indeed have made enough progress. One goal perhaps should be to celebrate the centennial of Chamberlin's comments with a usable ground-water protection and management plan in effect within Wisconsin. Not a plan that blankets the state, but one that is regionally, if not site, specific.

Until recently, ground water was studied separately from surface water. Now these systems are recognized as being interconnected and are studied as such. Ground water is part of the hydrologic cycle: the endless movement of water from the atmosphere to the land, to the sea, and back to the atmosphere. It is derived from surface water by infiltration through soil and includes all water within the saturated zone below a water table. It flows through the saturated zone and eventually discharges back to a surface-water body or directly to the atmosphere by evaporation or transpiration through plants. Recharge of ground water via infiltration generally occurs within the confines of a river basin. In Wisconsin, this suggests that most ground water is recharged anywhere from within a few miles to several tens of miles of where the water eventually discharges back to the surface. It does not flow in underground streams or veins from long distances away. Rather, it moves from pore space to pore space through

## Aquifers, once polluted, require decades to be cleansed.

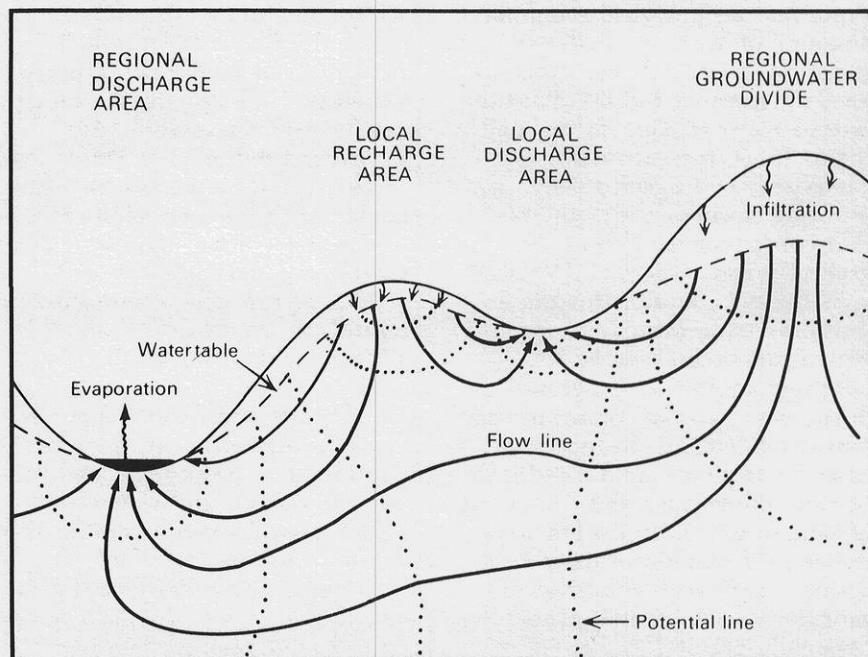
soil or rock at very slow rates compared to surface water. On the average, some 6 inches or more per year of the 30 plus inches that fall as precipitation over the state will infiltrate to the water table and thus recharge the ground-water reservoirs.

The water table is generally a subdued replica of surface topography in humid zones (see Fig. 1). It is high under uplands, and slopes toward lowlands, except in unusually permeable soils when the water table configuration may not relate to surface topography.

Water in the ground ultimately returns to the surface and becomes runoff in streams. Movement in a ground-water flow system is along flow directions from recharge areas (usually uplands) to discharge areas (usually lowlands). The pattern of flow from a recharge area constitutes a dynamic ground-water flow system.

In a recharge area, the ground-water gradient is downward from the water table; in a discharge area, it is up toward the water table. Evidence of discharge in humid zones is commonly a wetland or marsh, a spring, a flowing well, or, in the winter, unfrozen surface water. Water may be present perennially in a discharge area because of this upward movement.

Direction of ground-water is controlled by topography on the water table, but modified in flow direction and rate by the soil and rock conditions prevailing along flow paths. Flow systems can be identified in the field with empirical techniques such as drilling of observation wells, pumping these wells to determine physical characteristics of the soil or rock, and identifying water quality. Knowledge of these systems is important when water quality is of concern, for example where waste



**Figure 1. Idealized Ground-water flow in a homogeneous soil, humid climate conditions.**

In the figure, potential lines depict areas of equal energy in the flow system. Ground water flows at right angles to these areas. (Born and Stephenson, 1969.)

products are being disposed of. One can predict if, when, and where ground-water quality deterioration would occur related to a particular disposal episode such as sanitary landfilling, septic tank use, or an accidental chemical spill.

Each geographic area of Wisconsin has unique rock-soil-water relationships. This is so since geology, topography, and climate vary regionally. The state has been divided into four major provinces within which hydrogeologic conditions are broadly similar. These are: Sand Plains (central portion of state); Glacial Drift (northern); Drift-Bedrock (west-central and eastern); and Bedrock (southwestern). These province titles denote the dominant type of aquifer of the region. (Aquifers are units of rock or soil that store and transmit water and yield it

per day. Channelized surface water, by comparison, moves at a rate of several miles per hour. Secondly, ground water is our "pension plan." Our ground-water supply is at least six times as great as the amount of water stored in lakes, rivers, and impoundments. In times of severe drought or in areas where surface water becomes contaminated, it could be the only supply.

Present or potential ground water uses include: maintaining water supply; sustaining base flow of streams; and sustaining wetland water levels and wetland vegetative growth, plus natural geologic functions. In the future, some of the state's ground-water reservoirs conceivably may be required to also serve as long-term storage and disposal sites for various waste

water/surface-water relationships, and of man's impact on this resource.

The question asked earlier about our potential for coping with abnormally wet or dry cycles must be answered in the negative. Do we have an adequate ground-water protection and management policy? Again, not yet. On the positive side, however, ground water is the subject of principal concern now within the major state resource agencies and with some members of the State Legislature. For example, there presently is a study by the State Geological and Natural History Survey, the Department of Natural Resources, and the U.S. Geological Survey to determine ground-water programming priorities in the state. Where are data gaps? What will it cost to fill these gaps? What are the major problems with this resource both now and anticipated? How do we avoid these problems? What are research and educational needs? The present study will be useful in helping to answer some of these questions. The day may come when we have to incorporate more of a "western" outlook on water rights and water use. That is, we may someday be required, because of changing natural conditions or regional overuse of ground water, to consider selective water appropriation permit systems, inter-basin transfer of waters, or increased conjunctive use of surface and ground waters. That time is not here yet; it may never be here. But we should look at our priorities now, before a problem develops and while there is time to rationally examine alternatives.

To borrow again from the words of T. C. Chamberlin pertaining to Wisconsin's ground water: "It's importance does not need argument, though it may need emphasis."

*Dave Stephenson is currently professor of geology at the UW-Madison and chief of the Water Resources Section of the State Geological and Natural History Survey.*

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### **We should look at our priorities now, before a problem develops and while there is time to rationally examine alternatives.**

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economically to a well. Rock or soil units that do not yield economic amounts of water to wells are termed aquitards. These units are not impermeable, but do retard the rate of water movement through them. Thus, the subsurface is composed, hydrogeologically, of a series of aquifers and aquitards that collectively constitute the ground-water reservoir). What constitutes an aquifer for one purpose, say a farm stock supply, would not necessarily be an adequate aquifer for a second purpose, say a large volume per day industrial demand. In the former case, the aquifer would most likely be near the surface and composed of sand or gravel. In the latter case, the aquifer would normally be at greater depth and composed of sandstone or dolomite, or occasionally granite.

Why is ground-water protection so important? One principal reason is that aquifers, once polluted, require decades to be cleansed. Water moves through the ground at rates of only a few inches to a few feet

products, for temporary storage of natural gas, or for disposal of thermally altered water from heat pumps or air conditioning units. Whereas these unnatural uses of ground-water reservoirs are presently prohibited in Wisconsin, there are some expressions of interest in that potential. The citizens of the state should have a voice in such decisions.

This brings up the subject of a hydrologic data gap. A considerable amount of ground-water data have been collected in Wisconsin by state and federal agencies and other groups. Yet, the orderly development, proper use, and conservation of ground-water resources will require additional data on both geologic and hydrologic properties of aquifers and flow systems. The lack of specific and detailed data is presently a major constraint to improving ground-water management. Along with increased collection of descriptive data, there should be additional monitoring of ground-water quality, of ground-

# Chaos on Campus

or

## The Great Veterans Invasion of '46

Long lines snaked through registration; cries went out for instant faculty, instant classroom space, and instant housing. How did the university cope? Miraculously.

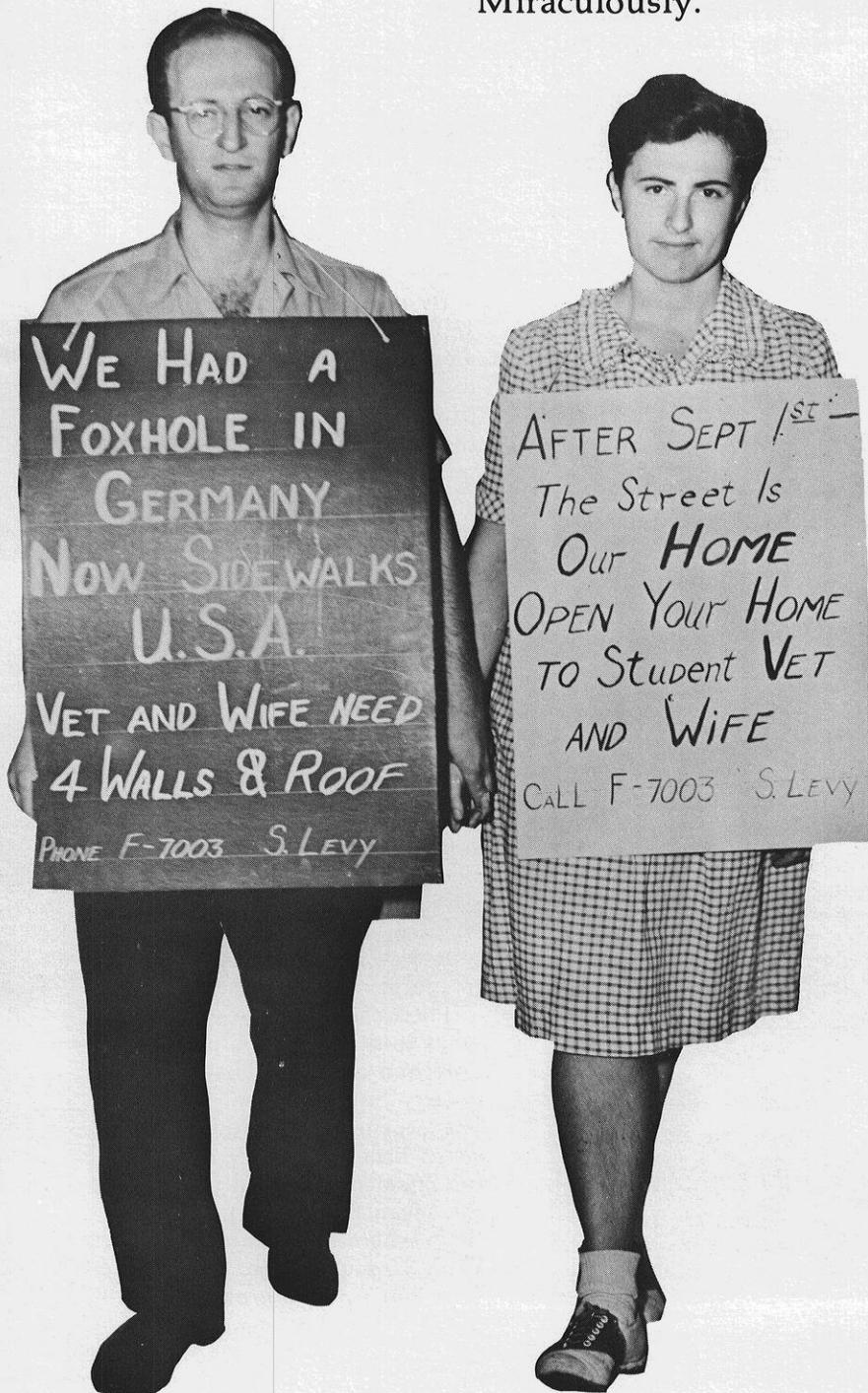
by Rosa B. Fred  
and Gladys D. Kauffman

The largest number of students in the history of the university—over 18,000—swamped the campus in the wonderful fall of 1946 when thousands of returned World War II veterans made UW-Madison the school of their choice. Suddenly the wartime-depleted institution went from quiet refuge of the cashmere sweater set to headquarters of a khaki-covered population that outstripped every facility of the school. Faculty, classrooms, and especially housing were in short supply.

Everyone from the president to the housing staff had to cope with this startling development. Surplus army and navy barracks were moved to stately Bascom Hill to serve as classrooms and library. A wartime ammunitions plant became Badger Village housing. Truax Field's hospital became married-student housing, and trailers popped up on the hallowed Camp Randall grounds like spring mushrooms. The wives of faculty, and even of the student-veterans, were pressed into service as teachers and tutors of the eager

**Taking their plea for housing to the streets, a veteran husband and wife sandwich themselves in advertisements of their plight.**

Photo by Gary Schulz, courtesy *Wisconsin Alumnus*



GIs. It wasn't easy. The wartime slogan, "The difficult we will do today, the impossible will take a little longer," was transplanted to the campus.

The reason for all this was, of course, that at the end of World War II, servicemen were offered an opportunity to return to higher education through the GI Bill. President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed and Congress passed Public Law 346 in 1944, anticipating the needs of the returning veterans. Despite warnings from eminent men such as Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, who was then president of the University of Chicago, that veterans would breed "educational hobo jungles," the GI Bill recipients vindicated themselves with records of outstanding success, both in academic excellence and later in professional achievement.

Recently, some of the key figures of that period were interviewed in an attempt to capture a glimpse of life at the University of Wisconsin-Madison in the fall of 1946.

LeRoy E. Luberg, assistant to President E. B. Fred at the time, describes fall 1946 registration week this way:

It appeared that an emergency could develop if the student population swelled from what was

9,000 to possibly as high as 12 to 15,000. No one expected it would go beyond that figure. At the outside 15,500 was the top expectation. When registration was three quarters of the way through, Ken Little, who was then registrar, came into President Fred's office and said: "You know, something is happening here. We already have 15,000!" The next day he came in and said: "If our records are right, we've got over 16,000 right now." The second night we checked our figures. Were the new people reporting incorrectly? No, it seemed absolutely right. Everything indicated that there was a careful accounting. The following day, Dean Mark Ingraham and others were asked: "Do you think this is really happening? Now it's 17,000!"

By the end of the week it was 18,000 plus! Not only was there a bulge from 9,000 to 15,000 but to over 18,000! The deans and professional staff had planned for extra needs, but not this much!

Barracks were to be moved in for extra classrooms, but now we had to get more. One morning I can recall being in touch with the Army and Navy and asking for surplus barracks. They said "Yes, you can have our barracks. There are some in Illinois, some in Minnesota, and some in Wisconsin. We'll ship them by truck or train."

Within days the trucks started coming in with walls, roofs, and flooring of the barracks. We paced off Bascom Hill by foot, checking the height of the lower branches of trees, to place the temporary classrooms.

Then came the question of what to do about a library. We only had the State Historical Society building then. We got one large temporary building and seven little temporary buildings (nicknamed "The old sow and the seven little pigs"), and put them where the fountain is now. With the mud pushed aside, they were put up in a great hurry.

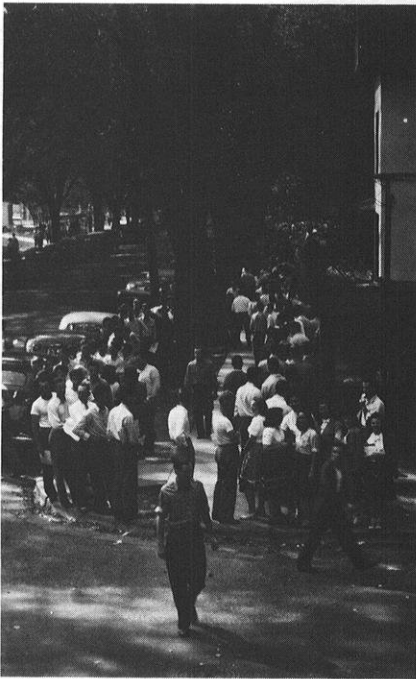


Photo by Gary Schulz, courtesy *Wisconsin Alumnus*

Registration lines that fall of '46 seemed endless. This queue, looping past a popular popcorn stand, is waiting to purchase athletic tickets.

Long registration lines snake around the prefab classrooms.

Photo by Gary Schulz, courtesy UW News Service

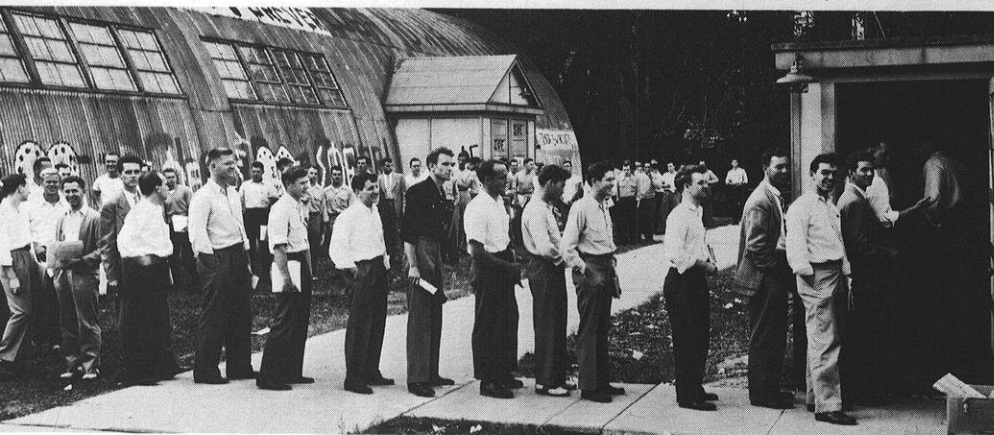




Photo by Gary Schulz, courtesy Wisconsin Alumnus

Three veterans effectively dramatize the housing shortage on the UW-Madison campus. Tents were set up on the corner of Park and University for veterans searching for rooms.

The First Congregational Church at Breese Terrace opened their doors for the really large classes of over 1000 students like economics 1, sociology 1, and the big history and social studies classes. Other churches and movie houses were used for large lectures. Quonset huts took care of smaller groups. All the facilities were utilized from early morning until late evening.

As we think back, we wonder how it was ever done. Readjustments and reassignments were made to take care of all the students. We needed many more teachers and staff. Two of the great sources of staff were the wives of the faculty and the wives of the GIs. Many did have their degrees and were competent. They turned out to be excellent teachers.

Dorothy Knaplund, wife of Professor Paul Knaplund, was one of the wives asked to fill in by Dean Mark Ingraham. Recently recalling her experiences she says:

The numbers of students were overwhelming. I can remember

my husband standing on a bench in the foyer of Bascom Hall directing the thousands of new students to their classes. They would call out the class and he would point to the room they were looking for. Mark Ingraham asked me to help with the teaching of math, and I wasn't even a math major! Men who had formerly taught math were in industry and the services.

These students were so different from earlier students. There was a good deal of time spent struggling with life's problems.

The financial affairs of the veteran-students were the concern of then veterans adviser Theodore W. Zillman. Recalling those days, he says:

Their big problem was money. The GI Bill was slow in its initial payments, and the students were starving until they would come. I would screen the needs, and send students down to the State Department of Veteran's Affairs



Photo by Gary Schulz, courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

The staff poses outside the quonset hut, next to the Memorial Union, that served as the information office for the group organized as UW Veterans of World War II. Besides operating a vets' counseling service, it lent money to needy members. Its annual dance, the Sad Sack Shuffle, raised money for the loan fund. The group soon disbanded, however, and the American Veterans Committee filled the void.

for either a loan or a grant outright. The state of Wisconsin did not, as did other states, simply give every veteran a bonus and call it a day. Wisconsin put the veterans' aid money under the jurisdiction of the State Dept. of Veterans' Affairs. Administrators were given the right to distribute it as they saw fit. After helping out with funds to tide veterans over the initial-need period, there was assistance with the expenses connected with having babies. (The postwar baby boom began in those years). The entire hospital bill was covered, as well as a set fee for obstetrical services.

There was a mature quality about the veteran-student. He was grateful to be back with his

wife and family, and willing to take that extra semester's work if needed. He was up to ten years older than the traditional teaching assistant, and he expressed his feelings about them. Sometimes, because he had knowledge gained from first-hand experience, he complained about a TA's teaching incorrectly. The standard phrase of a military officer-turned-student was, "Why that kid—I wouldn't let him lead my company across the street." In response, the graduate student, who had usually not served in the war, would become twice as tough in the classroom.

The veterans were not cowed by teachers. They would express another point of view, and the teachers loved the exchange.

Recently-retired political science professor David Fellman remembers:

As I look back, I think the best students I had and the best time I had with the students was with the returning GIs after World War II. These were older people, they had some experience with life, and they had strong motivation and a real purpose for going to school. Those, I think, were my golden years for teaching.

The ex-GIs seemed in a hurry to make up for the four or five years which had been taken from their lives by World War II. Many a veteran had been deprived of a college education just prior to the war by the severe Depression. Now there was a need to build a better life for himself and his family. As a married student, his primary concern became a place to live.

World War II had prevented the building of houses and apartments for at least four years, and housing prospects in Madison were slim.

Lawrence Halle, the resident university supervisor, says:

When I came out of the service in March 1946, the best my wife could do was to get us a room

over on Gorham Street and we shared the bathroom with five other people and were glad to get that.

With typical ingenuity, the married veteran students discovered some available housing in a Federal Housing Project for former workers of the Badger Ordnance Works Plant, 35 miles from Madison on Highway 12. This temporary housing had been built in 1942 and was intended for short-term occupancy by the war workers. It had been quickly constructed at a minimum cost, and by 1946 was showing its fragility. Even so, the word of available, inexpensive housing spread, and soon as many as 700 of the married veterans had acquired shelter for \$18-25 per month in rent. Because of the distance, and lack of transportation, many of the students were hitchhiking to the university.

President Fred and director of housing Lee Burns began what was to become a constant battle for adequate housing and transportation for these veteran-students. Every conceivable form of housing was used until formal shelter became available. Some new students actually pitched tents at Picnic Point, used boats on the lake for sleeping, or lived in tiny tourist cabins meant only for summer use. Eventually after trailers and former military barracks at Truax Field Hospital and Badger Munitions Works were acquired, the university assumed control of those installations, and this allowed greater equity in accommodations. Only married students with children were permitted residence, since they had the most difficulty finding housing in Madison.

The Badger Village housing units were not without problems, and Lawrence Halle describes some taxing situations:

Over a short period of time we had to replace almost all the floors of the Badger Village housing because they rotted out. They had been built of the cheapest plywood, and there



Photo by Gary Schulz

The long rows of temporary housing at Badger Village, built for the workers of the wartime ordnance plant near Baraboo, could shelter 699 student-veteran families at one time. Reportedly, the walls were so thin that when a husband in one unit said "Pass the butter," two women, his own wife and the wife next door, complied.

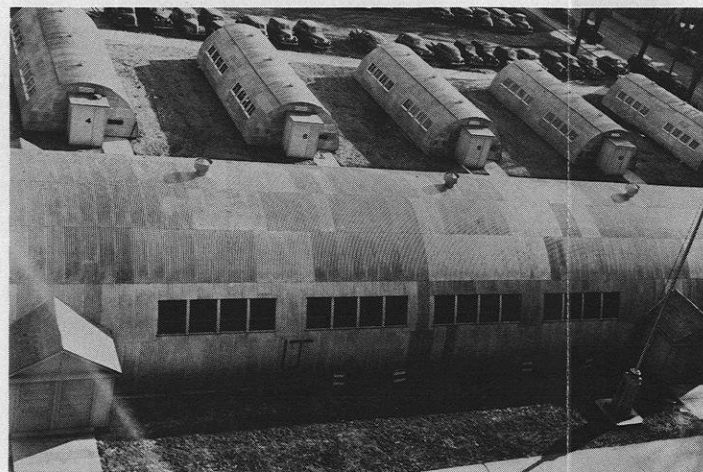


Photo by Gary Schulz, courtesy UW News Service

By Thanksgiving of 1947, 39 prefabricated buildings had appeared on campus. First to go up: these, ("The old sow and the seven little pigs"), in front of the State Historical Society. Six had two classrooms each; the seventh accommodated the library's reserve book reading room.

With faces of the '40s, students grin out of windows of a temporary quonset hut classroom. The cheap prefabs quickly provided 145,662 square feet of floor space.

Photo courtesy UW News Service



were inadequate ventilation and no basements.

Plumbing was a problem. The underground piping was unbelievably defective. We were constantly excavating and replacing piping. I remember one time, in the middle of winter, in ten below weather, a four-inch water main broke and the water that came on the street froze immediately. The water pressure dropped, and we had to dig up the pipe and replace it.

The housing units had coal space heaters as the main heating unit, and coal or wood cook stoves. Most people found electric hot plates to be a convenient cooking substitute and as a result, with the inadequate electrical wiring, we began to blow out transformers every night between 5:30 and 6:00 p.m. when everyone was cooking supper. We had to have an electrician sleep at the Village during the week because he was busy every night replacing transformer fuses.

The worst time I remember was one early afternoon in April when a tremendous wind started up. The sky got black and the wind blew hard. I looked out of my office at a row of the houses, and I could see the roofs starting to go up and down. Then the wind got under them and they just peeled right off. I immediately called the awning companies in Madison and rented all the canvas that was available in the city. We sent a truck down to collect it and by 7:00 that night all the roofs had been covered with canvas. Luckily the weather was warm enough so that people didn't freeze, and beginning the next day, the buildings were re-roofed.

Our most important problem was acquiring transportation to the university. Civilian cars and buses had not been manufactured for years. After searching, 28 to 30 war surplus buses were found, some from as far away as

Virginia, and a bus service to and from the university was started. Each of these buses could hold 50 people. They ran on an hourly schedule, starting at 6:30 a.m. daily, ending with a late afternoon return bus from the campus. The grateful passengers had to be content with a rickety bus ride without heat even on the coldest of winter days. The buses were stored outdoors and required the supervisor to start them twice during the night because the windswept prairie location could freeze the engines within hours.

It also became apparent that we had to do something to reduce the psychological strain of living under the situation where people were hard-pressed financially, had no personal transportation, and needed some form of recreational and community activity.

A representative from the Memorial Union came to live at Badger Village to promote recreational activities. The people of the Village were highly intelligent and very competent. They were older and had more experience. It didn't take long to organize things. A combination movie theatre and basketball gymnasium was created out of an auditorium. There were lecture programs and an intramural basketball program. A sewing center was set up in a leftover administrative house. The Red Cross helped with some material. They donated a kiln for a ceramics group in a back garage, and the Union provided instruction. This activity was so popular that a second kiln was needed. The women of Badger Village built it themselves with about \$20 worth of materials and it worked fine. It gave those who were involved a creative outlet, and produced many beautiful objects for their homes during the do-it-yourself postwar days.

An elementary school had been built right in the middle of the housing to take care of the children of the former war workers. Now it



Photo by Gary Schulz

After bus service was organized between Badger Village and campus, studying wasn't always the way in which the veterans spent their to-fro time.

The Vets' Co-op Store at Randall Park gave the veteran families a break on their food dollar.

Photo by Gary Schulz



became a nursery school. Some of the wives of the veteran-students were hired to run the pre-school nursery, which had an enrollment of over 100 children. This was a welcome relief for the young mothers who had no babysitters. It also provided employment for some.

A law student was named justice of the peace, a policeman was hired for night duty to keep out intruders, and a doctor, who was a resident at the University Hospitals, took care of the emergency night calls. Some babies were born there and others in the Baraboo hospital nearby. The community of Baraboo served the Badger Village residents in many ways. A shopping bus ran every Saturday morning to and from the town. A village council was organized to represent the community in resolving problems, and many a budding politician and lawyer got some practice there.

About a mile south of Badger Village in a military housing area, there were some larger houses, and those became faculty housing. This was before University Houses were available for faculty on the campus. So, for two years some of the faculty were also a part of Badger Village life.

A youthful economics instructor, Edwin Young, and his wife Phyllis were among those faculty. Now he is president of the entire University of Wisconsin. Phyllis Young recalls:

It was brief interlude, but it more than outweighed the length of time in impressions. Those feelings were quite vivid.

It was difficult to get a decent place to live in Madison. I remember that the only place that would have been available in town was somewhere under the eaves. We felt it was a break to get out to Badger Village. We didn't feel deprived. It was a very friendly place, and got us ready for University Houses, which had living quarters for faculty. Badger Village was nicely mixed. We got to know more than the

**"Randall Park," located next to the stadium, boasted communal washing and bathroom facilities. The students had to carry water from one of the four utility buildings. They paid \$25 to \$32.50 a month.**



Photos by Gary Schulz

**An inside view illustrates the cramped trailer space in which the student-veterans not only survived but thrived. Dick Jungers, shown with his wife, Edna, went on to get his PhD at the university and is now a professor at the State University of Oklahoma at Stillwater.**

economics department. We made strong attachments to the other residents. They were substitute family at holiday time. Many still correspond with each other, especially at Christmas.

Many of the wives worked for USAFI (United States Armed Forces Institute), which was a correspondence educational program headquartered in Madison. A trained teacher could have her students' work delivered to her mailbox, and this was an excellent opportunity for the housebound Badger Village wife.

The student veteran's wife was praised extensively in a booklet written by Susan Burdick Davis in 1947. She said:

The student veteran's wife is willing to fight and sacrifice to gain. . . economic security and spiritual growth. The young wives were trying heroically to adjust themselves to emergency living. . . She is intelligent, resourceful, and cosmopolitan. In many instances, she is a college graduate, and in some cases she has an advanced degree. . . She and her husband are wholesome, earnest, and soundly ambitious.

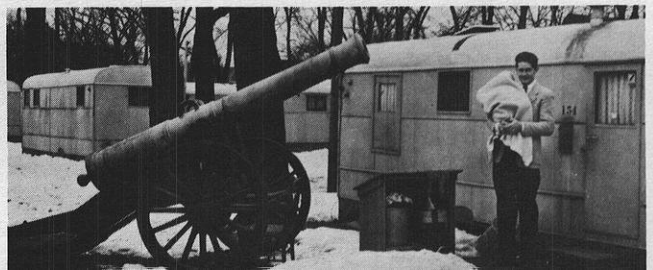
Some of the wives are school teachers in Madison and other nearby communities. Quite a



Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

**A student-veteran holds a new baby outside his trailer, located in Randall Park, which was also known as "Fred's Fertile Field." While they might have a father's responsibilities throughout their student years, the married veterans consistently topped the honor roll and dominated campus organizations and politics.**

Photo by Gary Schulz



number are employed in offices, libraries, hospitals, laboratories, and stores. They are contributing what they can to the family resources, and also depending upon government allotment checks for dependents that they saved during the war. When babies are expected, the potential strain on the family budget produces deep anxiety about whether the money will hold out, but their main concern is to keep their husbands in school.

What binds all the inhabitants of the student housing together is that they are all of one age level with similar habits, interests, objectives, and in most cases, financial status. They are all in the same boat. They enjoy a privacy unknown in rooming houses and shared apartments. They are bosses of their own confines, with a complete city government of mayor, aldermen and city council. Living closely as they do, with a unique opportunity to observe each other's capacities and achievements, racial and religious intolerances are leveled.

Newel J. Smith, who was director of housing at Truax Field, says:

I never worked longer hours in my life than when we set up Truax housing for the veterans. The old hospital facilities provided for 1500 single men. At first there were 40 men in a former hospital ward, but they were glad to be there. There were also 100 married couples housed there. People had to walk down the long connecting corridors to showers and two cafeterias. The inconveniences were accepted as postwar follow-up to getting college training. It was just one more obstacle to finally realizing a dream.

The same phenomenon was being repeated on a smaller scale at other universities and colleges

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Photos by Gary Schulz

By September of '46 1200 veterans occupied 46 Truax Field building wings, each named for a university alumnus killed during the war. Is that a Varga Girl on the wall?

At the Homecoming bonfire that fall, veterans hold up their little ones to see the "Skunk Iowa" ritual.



# A Feeling of Fall

## by Ellis Felker

The first fog of the autumn  
and I am walking at evening  
with my brother.  
We are off to the orchard  
to hang a swing  
from a sturdy branch.  
He carries some rope.  
I carry the board  
with the name of a friend  
carved deep in the wood.  
He is running.  
I am walking slowly  
to enjoy the rain.

## by Joyce Webb

On autumn's last blue day the wind blown leaves  
are finding different endings:  
    floating along the Yahara,  
    drifting on Lake Mendota,  
    marking the fresh cement,  
    covering blackened peonies,  
but some clinging leaves refuse to drop and linger  
on branches budded for spring.

After the champagne and lunch when the ousted employee is seeking a fitting ending:  
     joining Senior Citizens,  
     travelling here and there,  
     killing time with crafts,  
     finding a new career,  
 sometimes he asks "Is that all there is?" and tries  
 to board a moving train.

## by Mary Shumway

This storm is accomplished.  
In it even the oaks threw their leaves  
from the top. Now we must guess at spring,  
if it comes.

It happened like this: wind withered  
in the stubble of late fields; within  
a week I heard it shatter in blown leaves  
between poles that tremble even yet.

If history does, the seasons do not repeat themselves. I chart a windless course and find magnetic north dancing, cardboard in kerosene, and all the land that underneath

the wing rolls south slips out of sight  
like virga. It is time to say all  
we have dreamed in insubstantial earth or  
just above it riding another dream we think

might last. Listen, I think the earth escapes us though it abides these sudden storms; the vast and unresolving drift pervades our lives whether we walk those fields or fly,

and all these charts we try, perhaps, the proof that legends last.

## by Paul Thompson

The sky is gray as though forever.

Blackbirds  
Scatter among the butternuts, whose smooth  
Branches sweep up in curve and counter-curve.

Beyond, fields of brown and faded green  
That cannot remember sun.

Settle, then startle up and wheel and cry:  
Black arrows against blank sky.

# Mary Carter

## On Behalf of the Aunts

by Hazel F. Biggs

March 18, 1937

Dear Sir:

I am writing you on behalf of my aunts, the Misses Elsie, Fannie, Libby, Ruth, and Grace Leslie of Madison, Wisconsin who have been customers of your company over a period of several years.

About four years ago a young man took over the Jewel Tea Company route in this district and simply captured my aunts' hearts. You have no idea how many articles and items he has sold them that they have never been able to use, and yet they do not regret this. They are, in fact, so well supplied with spices that one can never find the few that Aunt Fannie, who does the cooking, really uses. I can remember last year looking for a box of cinnamon. I was going to make some cinnamon toast for Aunt Ruth and by the time I had sorted out numerous boxes of marjoram, nutmeg, poultry seasoning, cloves, allspice, celery salt, red pepper, white pepper, black pepper, tumeric, and so on, I gave up and we had marmalade and muffins instead.

These purchases have been made for two reasons. First, because of the premiums. My aunts have a carpet sweeper, a hall runner, three mirrors, two soapholders, two double boilers, a skillet, frying pan, two satin covered sofa cushions, four vases, dishes, bowls, dishpan, and I believe practically every premium your company has ever offered. The second reason for their steadfast loyalty to your products has been, without doubt, your salesman Mr. Charles Tufts.

Mr. Tufts is really a most charming young man. The first time he came into the house he saved Aunt Elsie's life by holding the step ladder when she was after a black spider. Aunt Ruth, who is abnormally afraid of anything that crawls, was standing in the dining room doorway and the other aunts were not in the house. My Aunt Elsie is a rather heavy woman and heaven knows what would have happened if Mr. Tufts had not come along. As it was, he helped Aunt Elsie down from the ladder and himself captured the spider in a dishtowel and shook it off on the porch. Neither Aunt Ruth nor Aunt Elsie forgets little acts of kindness.

That was the beginning of their unswerving devotion to your company. Thereafter Mr. Tufts never failed, rain or shine, to appear every two weeks on Tuesday. My aunts have become so devoted to Mr. Tufts that not one of them would ever think of being out on his day to call, and they have spent many cheery hours in his presence. He usually sits on a stool near the sink that has come to be known as Mr. Tufts' stool, and for a long time past Aunt Fannie would rather be caught dead than without a tidbit for Mr. Tufts to take with a glass of milk. He doesn't drink coffee, as I presume you know.

About two years ago Mr. Tufts became engaged. He brought his young lady's picture for my aunts to see. Although I did not have the opportunity of seeing it, I have heard a great deal on the subject. Aunt Grace was inclined to think she would be prettier with straight hair, but when Mr. Tufts assured them that his fiancée had naturally

This is the third of four installments of letters from Mary Carter, the fictional character created in 1939 and recently revived by the author.

curly hair and not a permanent, they all felt better about it. He also told them that she wears a size four and a half shoe, which is pretty small nowadays. But then she is only five foot two. Now Mr. Tufts is over six feet, as you know, and this pleased Aunt Ruth very much. She is always sympathetic with small people, being a little under five feet herself. Aunt Libby wondered whether Mr. Tufts and his young lady might look conspicuous together, but he explained that she usually wears pretty high heels, which adds at least three inches to her stature.

After they were married Mr. Tufts brought a picture of the wedding party to show my aunts. There were a maid of honor and two bridesmaids and a best man. The dresses were simply beautiful, and the cake was very large, three tiers.

Do you think Mr. Tufts changed his attitude towards my aunts after he got married? Not at all. He remained just as kind and considerate as ever, and if possible sold even more things to my aunts. In fact, at about that time, he began to get them to use all sorts of items they had never tried before, largely because Mr. Tufts assured them that Mrs. Tufts had tried out many of these items and found them very satisfactory.

At any rate, to get back to the matter in hand, about six months ago Mr. Tufts informed my aunts that they expected a Little Visitor in their home. You can imagine how delighted my aunts were. They have never failed to inquire minutely regarding Mrs. Tufts' health and to warn Mr. Tufts that she should be careful and not overwork. I know that Aunt Elsie was greatly relieved when he told them he had bought a vacuum cleaner.

A few months ago my aunts decided they would make some presents for the baby. Aunt Elsie knits very well and so she has made a charming, dainty, white blanket. She decided that was the best color since she wanted to finish it before the baby was born and of course science has not yet made it possible to predict the sex of an infant. Aunt Fannie has prepared a box with six glasses of her best jelly: quince, raspberry, preserved strawberry, peach jam, loganberry, and grape. This is not for the baby, but I am sure the Tufts will appreciate the gift. Aunt Ruth has made a simply delightful scrapbook for recording all items of interest in the baby's life, which they should be able to use until he is almost ready for high school. Aunt Libby has feather-stitched six darling bath towels in blue—she is convinced it will be a boy—and Aunt Grace has bought a whole set of toilet articles, soap, powder, ointment, and so on.

This has been a great pleasure to my aunts and has been kept a complete secret from Mr. Tufts, though many times Aunt Elsie almost gave the whole thing away. She is so enthusiastic it is hard to keep her quiet about what is on her mind.

Imagine then the feeling of disaster which overtook them when Mr. Tufts did not turn up at all on his last Tuesday. It was definitely too soon for the baby to be born, so that could not have been the reason. And my aunts were quite sure that nothing untoward had happened to Mrs. Tufts.

Two days after his scheduled Tuesday your car stopped at the house and a new salesman appeared at the door. My aunts could hardly believe their ears when they were told that Mr. Tufts had been transferred. They refused to buy a single thing from this stranger and would not even let him in the door.

When I arrived in Madison this weekend I found them all simply sunk in gloom. Aunt Elsie was crying over the Jewel Tea mirror with the handpainted roses on the back, which was the first premium Mr. Tufts brought them. This mirror has been greatly prized by the aunts for sentimental reasons as you can imagine. Aunt Libby grimly

declares that if the Jewel Tea Company has no more consideration for its customers she will use the baby's towels for dust cloths. Of course this is not at all suitable and besides it would break her heart to do so. There is no use giving you further details. If I tell you that Aunt Libby is agitated, I have told you the Worst.

Yours truly,

*Mary Carter*

P.S. My aunts are positive that Mr. Tufts is as unhappy about this change as they are. Will you please discuss it with him and let us know. I feel that Mr. Tufts should at least cover the route once more and have an opportunity to talk with my aunts and receive the gifts they have for him.

*Followup To The President  
Of The Jewel Tea Company*

March 26, 1937

Dear Sir:

Isn't it wonderful that the Tufts have twin baby girls? My aunts received a beautiful little card with the announcement and a note from Mr. Tufts telling them that he is now located in the main office of your company and will not travel anymore. We are all convinced that this must be an advancement for Mr. Tufts, and because my aunts are extremely grateful for this, they tell me to let you know that the next time your new salesman comes to Madison, they will let him in.

Don't you think the names Angela and Diana are beautiful?

Yours truly,

*Mary Carter*

P. S. Although the presents for the baby, which is now *babies*, will have to be delayed, I am happy to say that my aunts are already busy making another set of gifts, so that each infant will receive exactly the same gift as her sister. And the package will then be mailed to the address that was given on the birth announcement envelope, which my aunts have carefully preserved.

*To The Family Doctor*

May 7, 1937

Dear Dr. Groner:

I know you are acquainted with my aunts, the Misses Elsie, Fannie, Libby, Ruth, and Grace Leslie, who have been your patients for the past 20 years. During recent visits to Madison to see my aunts I have become somewhat concerned regarding their health as none of them is any longer very young. I am sure you will find in your records that Aunt Elsie, who is the oldest, is over 70 and that none of them is under 60. Delicacy forbids me to mention their exact ages since I know it would displease them to have me do so. As you know, elderly people are reticent about giving out such information.

I am writing to you because on a recent visit I discovered that the

aunts have acquired a book on health that they feel can do much to help them overcome various minor and perhaps even major illnesses, and that has presently created a difficult situation. I should exclude Aunt Libby who is not happy about this book for a reason that I shall also explain. She is, as you may know, very matter of fact and it often takes more than the written word to convince her of the merits of an idea or theory.

However, the book to which I am referring was written by a Dr. Emile Coue and is called *How to Practice Suggestion and Auto Suggestion*. In this book Dr. Coue has prescribed the use of a very simple formula to be recited on arising each day that will make people feel better and improve their health. This slogan goes, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better."

Now I am not averse to their repeating this very cheerful and pleasant sentence, nor do I think it can do them any harm. Yet I would not want you to think by chance from this remark that I lean towards Christian Science. Our family has been strongly inclined towards the Baptist Church, and if any one of my aunts thought that this book by Dr. Coue leaned towards Mrs. Eddy's teachings she would abandon his writings, I am sure. They have never felt kindly towards the teachings of Mrs. Eddy since it is their opinion that it is contrary to nature for a woman to explore and find a new religion. Although my aunts are certainly, for their ages, modern and emancipated, they tend to feel that the old adage—woman's place is in the home—applies especially after a woman is married. This would definitely exclude Mrs. Eddy from her activity in sponsoring Christian Science.

I will admit that my aunts have not explored Christian Science further than that. They have always been quite satisfied to remain in the Baptist faith and have been extremely fortunate in enjoying the Madison First Baptist Church with its learned minister, the Reverend Audrey Hathaway, and his charming wife.

Personally I am not sure that it is wise or helpful for my aunts to become immersed in the ideas and teachings of a Frenchman. You can tell from his name that Dr. Coue is a Frenchman. I feel that the French, while often most worthy and even high-minded, approach life from an angle that may not be entirely suitable for application by Midwesterners. I have not raised this point with my aunts because Aunt Ruth, who is both literary and has studied French in high school, feels that France is a land of culture and beauty and that we would do well to emulate some of that country's teachings. Nevertheless I am sure you will agree that the French are known to be somewhat unconventional and often even risqué. I would not say that this is true of Dr. Coue.

Aunt Libby's objection to this book is more serious than mine, but then Aunt Libby can at times be very deep. She said to me privately that from the first she had objected to Dr. Coue's book on the basis of its title alone. The idea of auto suggestion reminds her of hypnotism and Aunt Libby has a great aversion to anything that might relate to this subject. I should explain that Aunt Libby—and perhaps Aunt Fannie, but her memory is not so good—had a most unpleasant experience with hypnotism many years ago.

You will not remember it. It happened when the aunts were quite young that a hypnotist did come to Madison and, in fact, he gave a shocking demonstration of his skill. He hypnotized a young woman—I suppose she had given her consent—and this young woman was then placed on a bed in a store window for over a day. Can you imagine! She was indeed in a deep trance and many people went down town to see her, among whom were Aunt Libby and, I believe, Aunt Fannie. Aunt Libby remembers that the young lady had on a lovely

green velvet dress and was reclining on a beautiful, silken bedspread right open to everyone's gaze from the street. It was a frightening experience for, as I understand it, she was waxen white and looked as if she were dead.

My grandfather, Moses Pomeroy Leslie, was still alive at that time and very much in command of the family. Aunt Libby said that when she came home after this harrowing experience, Grandpa was enraged and threatened to call the police. I am sure they were already aware of the situation. At any rate after much persuasion on the part of my grandmother, who greatly disliked publicity, nothing was done except that the aunts were forbidden to go to town until this really nefarious hypnotist had quitted Madison.

I presume that well before that the young lady had been awakened from her trance. I must admit to a slight curiosity as to what happened to the green velvet dress. Do you suppose she ever wore it again?

In any event, it is now apparent, considering how lasting this impression has been, that Aunt Libby was really fortunate not to have been more badly scarred.

The reason I have explained the foregoing is this: You may remember that all of last week the weather was very unpleasant with a great deal of wind and rain. This confined my aunts more than they like. Aunt Ruth is particularly unhappy if she can not get out every day or so. However, as you may know, Aunt Ruth is also quite resourceful, and so she decided towards the end of the week to while away the time by making a very special dessert for which she had obtained the recipe, and thereby surprise her sisters.

Aunt Ruth is not at all domestic and seldom cooks even an egg for herself. She would have been wiser to have passed the recipe on to Aunt Fannie who does most of the cooking. However, Aunt Fannie was taking her nap and only Aunt Elsie became aware of the undertaking when she came into the kitchen just as Aunt Ruth was ladling the dessert into my grandmother's favorite cutglass custard goblets, this dessert being a new version of a caramel cornstarch pudding, to be garnished just before serving with whipped cream.

There is an important point that we have not been able to establish. Did or did not Aunt Elsie lick the spoon with which Aunt Ruth ladled the dessert into the glasses? Sometimes she says yes and sometimes she says she cannot remember. Aunt Elsie does not like to be thought childish.

Just before the dessert was to be served, Aunt Fannie had a strange premonition and went into the kitchen. She remembered that on the kitchen counter she had seen a box of Argo clothes starch and had wondered just why it was there. It then developed after questioning that Aunt Ruth had indeed used this starch instead of cornstarch in making the pudding. Aunt Fannie believes that clothes starch contains some lye and therefore the dessert was thrown out and poor Aunt Ruth retired to her room in great agitation.

Since then Aunt Elsie has complained of intermittent pains in her stomach. Aunt Ruth insists that even if she had licked the spoon with which the dessert was ladled into the goblets, the amount she would have consumed was not sufficient to hurt her. This is undoubtedly true. Aunt Libby therefore has concluded that Aunt Elsie is suffering from a case of self-hypnotism induced by reading Dr. Coue's book. The other aunts agree that this must be the case, unless Aunt Elsie has taken advantage of this crisis to complain about pains she may have had for some time. Do you think such deception is possible?

I have finally persuaded Aunt Elsie to visit you for sure within the next few days if the pain does not go away. And the purpose of this

letter is to alert you to the possibility that self-hypnotism may be involved. I know that even with your vast experience this might be difficult to detect without some knowledge of the background in this baffling case.

Sincerely yours,

*Mary Carter*

P.S. If such is the case, I hope you can persuade the aunts to dispose of Dr. Coue's book.

*To the Mayor of Madison*

August 1, 1937

Dear Sir:

I am writing you on behalf of my aunts, the Misses Elsie, Fannie, Libby, Ruth, and Grace Leslie, who live on the western outskirts of Madison on the old Moses Pomeroy Leslie property with which I am sure you are acquainted since it has been owned by the family for more than 70 years.

Recently when I was visiting my aunts there was considerable consternation among them because the trash collection, which up to a few months ago had been most regular, seems to have broken down and they can no longer be sure that the man will come on the second Thursday of each month, as scheduled. I know this may seem trivial to you since, if he does not come on Thursday, he then comes either on Friday, or Saturday at the latest. But this is exactly what has created a crisis for my aunts.

It is not, I would have you understand, that they do not have adequate containers. Each of them has a good sized basket, which more than holds what they wish to throw out, in addition to the two large barrels for general trash and ashes which are placed on the street for each collection. What disturbs my aunts is the lack of privacy in disposing of what they no longer wish to keep.

For instance, Aunt Fannie does all the cooking. Although the food she prepares and serves is delicious beyond description, I assure you, she has lately been quite unhappy about the number of pans that have somehow been burned beyond cleaning. I think she needs a new stove since hers is one of the first gas stoves sold in Madison, and you can imagine how long ago that was. But it may take considerable persuasion before the aunts will agree to make such a drastic decision. Meanwhile you can see that it may not be her fault, and yet Aunt Fannie is not happy to have irreparably burned utensils discovered in her trash, as well as items that have suffered from direct contact with flames. Only last week Aunt Grace discovered, when the trash collection was late, that Aunt Fannie had thrown out a large wooden spoon that had been used by my grandmother for many years. It had quite obviously been lying over an open flame for some time since the whole handle was badly charred. I think Aunt Fannie should not be exposed to criticism for such casualties.

However, it is particularly on account of my Aunts Ruth and Grace that I am writing to you.

Aunt Ruth has always feared the onslaught of age and in order to forestall it as much as possible, for which I cannot blame her, she spends a considerable part of her income on creams and lotions. Many of these cosmetics purport to hold back wrinkles and sagging skin. I know she wears a chin strap at night because Aunt Grace, with whom she shares a room, once indiscreetly told me so. But there

are many unguents in her dresser about which Aunt Ruth is very private.

I might say, if I were inclined to be malicious, that Aunt Ruth is vain. But in any case she feels that keeping young is more essential for her than for her sisters because of her diminutive size. She eats very lightly to maintain a youthful appearance, and it is generally conceded that she holds her own very well. Naturally she is not anxious to have the other aunts inspect the empty containers she throws out.

Some time past I know she tried a variety of lotions to rid herself of freckles with which she has always been plagued. But not long ago she read an article, I think it was in the daily paper, that indicated freckles make the person appear more youthful. Fortunately this appealed to Aunt Ruth, for I do believe that none of the creams she purchased ever helped her a bit.

At any rate you can see that the timeliness of the trash collection is important to Aunt Ruth. It has been her custom to watch down the street and when she sees the truck approach, she takes her own container out to the curb, exposing it for a minimum time. To wait for hours is difficult for Aunt Ruth, and then to be disappointed is quite depressing.

Since Aunt Grace is romantically inclined, she spends much of her time reading magazines that tell of love and marriage. Her favorite magazines are *True Confessions*, *True Romances* and a bridal publication, all of which she purchases at the drugstore and hides in her room until they are read. She has told me on occasion that her reading gives her the only glimpse she gets of the outside world and of the joys and sorrows attendant on marriage. Some of the stories must, I would think, console her for her own unmarried state because they so often present the very difficult situations that confront married people today.

This interest of Aunt Grace's meets with constant ridicule from her sisters, so you can see why she also wishes to maintain her privacy.

If you wonder why trash disposal has become a problem, I can only say that when five elderly ladies live together, harmony is not easily maintained without certain rules. One that has been most rigidly observed is not to pry into each other's affairs unless requested. Confidentially I would tell you that of course they really keep pretty good track of each other anyway, but they would never admit this.

It is their understanding that so long as a purchase or possession is in use, it remains private to each of them. But since normal curiosity cannot be denied, this rule does not hold regarding anything that has been thrown away. Consequently you can see that the trash is a legitimate source of information.

I hope in view of this explanation you will understand why my aunts are concerned by the recent irregularity of the trash collection in their neighborhood.

Yours Truly,  
*Mary Carter*

P.S. Aunt Libby says that the next time she goes downtown she is going to look for containers that have covers and I think this might solve the problem, don't you? At least it is a further step toward preserving privacy.

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*Hazel Briggs, now Mrs. William G. Rice, is also author of a book about her parents' marriage, Papa Always Met Us at the Boat.*

# VALLEY AT INCHEENS

by Robert A. McCabe

Mist slithered down craggy slopes  
Stone studded meadows,  
now drenched in inland fog.  
A tableau to timelessness  
It was ever so  
In my valley

The moist curtain cannot veil  
the spirit of those who dug the turf.  
Turf that perfumed all worldly goods; long gone.  
Its fragrance lingers still,  
on soft days  
In my valley

Gnarled hands they were,  
that hoed potato drills,  
so long ago,  
in steep sided lazy beds  
still dimly furrowed  
In my valley

An eye for antiquity will see  
the simple love of home and cross  
that rooted men to place  
and to hardship  
In my valley

Grey stones, thatched roof, one room  
and glowing turf  
to fight the damp.  
No thought of glory or of commerce  
In my valley

Strength and will  
to build confining walls  
to hold in or out.  
They still stand, these walls  
Stark and clean  
like bones of a lamb by ravens picked  
In my valley

Children's laughter there was.  
Rosy cheeks, wet noses and auburn hair  
rush with abandon in simple games  
But, too many small graves  
of laughter stilled  
In my valley

English legions of might and sword came  
and retreated,  
in hollow victory,  
for the faith, the mist and the mountains  
were allies of the men  
In my valley

One day the green of lazy beds  
withered and died  
Famine followed, and  
many large graves joined the small  
Escape, now from emptiness of stomach  
and of heart  
In my valley

Along roadside ditches, on boats  
and in foreign places many died  
unknowing, unwanted, unloved  
The strongest looked back from distant lands  
and for a moment in memory  
felt the warmth of hearth and home  
In my valley

Human roots thus severed,  
Land and man were no longer one.  
Never to be rejoined, yet keeping the faith.  
So, forlorn and desolate, the land  
and time—wait  
In my valley

Sombre meadows tell  
in silent eloquence, that  
beyond the bogs and misty crags  
a world passed by  
and now only the brook and the cuckoo speak  
In my valley.

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*Robert A. McCabe is professor of  
wildlife ecology at UW-Madison.  
An article on his Irish cottage  
appeared in the December 1976  
Wisconsin Academy Review.*

# Preview Of Autumn

by Joyce W. Webb

What was planned as a summer vacation in northern Wisconsin became an early autumn one. Leaving Madison one morning in mid-August, our car loaded with food, bedding, and summer clothing, we drove north on Highway 51. Early morning fog obscured Muir View at Poynette, and the green poles from the Columbia Power Plant disappeared into the engulfing grayness. By the Portage levee visibility was practically zero.

driving beside the levee  
Wisconsin River  
overhead

By the time we reached Coloma the fog was lifting to reveal sprays of water from irrigation equipment and a plume of insecticide from a low flying crop duster barely clearing telephone wires and windbreak trees.

pine tree miniskirts  
now out of fashion

The wide expanse of shallow Lake Du Bay was dotted with asymmetrical groups of snags scattered among the grass and cat-tails.

dry cattails rattle  
as the wind river flows  
over Lake Du Bay

Having sniffed the odor of the paper mill at Mosinee, skirted Wausau and Rib Mountain, and driven the roller coaster road to Merrill, we took Highway 17 and made a stop at Gleason for perishable groceries before turning

off on Highway B toward the Harrison Hills. Beside the road were signs of approaching autumn.

sumac flames  
here and there  
no smoke at all

On Bear Trail Road we passed the entrance to the Harrison Hills Recreation Area (winter sports) and continued along Pickerel Lake Road and Nottingham Drive to Teal Lake, a little gem surrounded by steep hillsides.

Having unloaded our gear at the Chalet we went down to investigate

the shoreline. There were red maple leaves scattered along the path. In spite of early summer rains the level of the lake was lower than usual. The north wind blew flurries of yellow leaves from the birches across the ruffled water. Shaded by jewelweed and broad leaved arrowhead plants were a few lethargic frogs with only their heads out of water. The thin cry of a hawk came from high on a dead pine tree.

rimmed by reflections  
the lake is a pond. . . a small sea  
when lashed by the wind

## Instead of postcards, write a haibun

A Japanese haibun consists of prose narrative interspersed with haiku. The prose narrative states the facts and the haiku reflect the author's feelings. The Haiku Society of America has agreed on the following definition: "A haiku is an unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived in which Nature is linked to human nature. It **usually** consists of seventeen *jion* (Japanese symbol sounds). It is also a foreign adaption **usually** written in three lines of five, seven, and five syllables."

One of the earliest known examples of haibun, the narrative-haiku combination, was written by the father of haiku poets, Matsuo Basho, who lived from 1644 to 1694. His haibun "The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches" described a journey he made. Later other haiku poets used this form in a similar way.

It is only within the last ten years that English language haikuists have begun to write haibun. Several have appeared in *Dragonfly* and *Bonsai*, magazines devoted to the haiku form. In 1972, the first book-length collection of haibun, *Five Caribbean Haibun* by Robert Spiess of Madison, editor of *Modern Haiku Magazine*, was published. The haibun form appears to be a permanent addition to English language poetry.

Later in the afternoon, when the wind abated, we sat on the porch. As soon as the feeders were replenished with sunflower seeds, chickadees, nuthatches, and chipmunks joined us.

It was cooler after supper. Along muddy Squire Lake Road the pearly everlasting and orange hawkweed grew in abundance. At the Lake there was a wide band of marsh grass between the cottages and open water.

across dark swamplands  
burning silver  
beckons

The next morning there were two deer at the salt lick. The early morning calm of the lake was rippled by diving otters. We borrowed jackets from our absent host for our hike up the logging road where blackberries, raspberries, butter and eggs, and steeplebush grew in the higher elevations, and white baneberry, Jack-in-the-pulpits, white clintonia, bunchberry, trillium, and Solomon's-seal plants were common in the lower places.

Solomon's seal  
False Solomon's seal  
which?

Another day we drove over to the Otter Lake Recreation Area, a county park consisting of a camping area at one end of the lake, a sandy beach at the other. The day being too cool for bathing we circled the lake on a path which partridge berry vines and crowberry creepers threatened to grow over.

Although we did not get a frost while we were up north we were not the only ones to admit the possibility. As we drove through the village of Harrison late one afternoon we saw several women covering up their marigolds and zinnias. Autumn might or might not come early to the Harrison Hills but the chance is there.

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Joyce Webb is a Madison writer and poet.

continued from page 2

in journalism school at the UW after the war. **Schulz**, as picture editor of the Badger Yearbook in 1947, took most of the pictures accompanying the article. In 1948 he joined the staff of the Photo Media Center where he has worked ever since. Both he and **Murphy**, now director of communications and editor of the *Wisconsin Alumnus* for nine years, helped with the digging out of many of the old photos.



Clarice Dunn

Born in a sawmill town in northern Wisconsin, **Clarice Dunn** writes, "As a child I had big ears. I absorbed every morsel of legend and gossip I overheard from adults. Although I have lived in Wyoming, Minnesota, Texas, Washington D.C., and Japan, it is the lore, the colloquialisms, and the early-in-the-century farm setting that emerges when my fingers itch to write a new short story. 'I Couldn't Find Her Grave' is fiction, but it is based on fact, the type of legendary fact distilled from a century of telling without ever writing down."

**Marian Lefebvre**, who illustrates the story, has appeared often in the pages of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*. As this issue goes to press, she is preparing for the birth of her first child.

Also on the fiction agenda is the third installment of "**Mary Carter On Behalf of the Aunts**," the fictional letters written by **Hazel F. Briggs** 30 years ago and happily revived.



Joyce Webb

**Joyce Webb** wrote the haibun, "**Preview of Autumn**." She is a native of Maine with a journalism degree from UW-Madison. She has authored two chapbooks of poetry and from 1973 to 1975 edited the poetry magazine *Hawk and Whipporwill Recalled*. Her column, "The Haiku Corner," appeared in *Spafaswap Magazine* for five years, and she is a past president of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets. She recently retired from the Wisconsin Department of Veterans Affairs after 30 years as an editor and loan analyst.

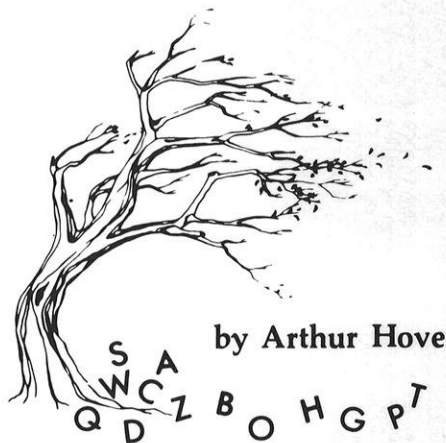
The last issue contained an inadvertent miscaptioning of pictures accompanying the article, "**The Tiffany Legacy for the '70s**," by **Charles A. Long**. The illustration on page 15 was of the lotus blossom on lotus lampshade, unsigned. The bottom photo on page 16 should have been labeled "Dome skylight from the mansion of Gordon Selfridge at Lake Geneva."

**Thompson Webb**, (no relation) who wrote "**Profits from the Unprofitable**," was born in Los Angeles and grew up in Claremont, California, a small town noted for its several colleges and the Webb School for boys founded by his father. He obtained his own education at Princeton and Harvard and was assistant director of the University of California Press at Berkeley before coming to Madison. He served as a Lieutenant in the US Naval Reserve during World War II.

Thompson Webb



# WINDFALLS



by Arthur Hove

## On Waiting

"It's one third of your life. Live a little." So advised the glossy ad for sheets and pillow cases in the national magazine. The one third referred to the time one spends in bed throughout a lifetime—sleeping, or whatever.

What the ad does not take into account is that extensive and oftentimes significant portion of our lives spent in a related form of suspended animation—waiting. Such a revelation would do little to increase the sale of sheets, or anything else for that matter. However, it is a reality we have to deal with in one form or another. While waiting involves both hope and despair, it is unfortunately the latter quality that too often seems to be the more common reflection of the contemporary state of the world.

But for those who believe life has a pattern, that there is a certain amount of predestination or logic in what we do, waiting is part of the natural course of events. A philosophical reinforcement comes from the Book of Ecclesiastes: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

A more contemporary source, Benjamin Disraeli, makes a related, statesmanly observation that "Everything comes if a man will only wait."

So much of what is natural about life involves waiting. Waiting to be born. Waiting to die. Waiting to be old enough to drive a car, to reach the age of majority and thereby be able to buy booze legally and to vote (without necessarily worrying

about any correlation between the two). Waiting for your children to be born. Waiting for them to leave home. Waiting for the divorce to become final. Waiting for your income tax refund or your social security check. Waiting for your ship to come in, even though it may have never left the dock, or sunk in midpassage. Waiting until the time is right. Waiting for the leaves to turn, the snow to melt, the storm to pass, or the heat wave to break.

Patience is often difficult. Some forms of waiting make the state a kind of temporal purgatory. It is usually difficult to concentrate for too long on something else while we are waiting. To do so means leaving open the potential that the anticipated event or opportunity will have passed without our having known, or if we do know, without our having had the opportunity, to respond in the appropriate manner.

A large part of waiting, therefore, involves doing nothing—in the most non-creative sense. Time spent waiting is time spent not doing something you want to or should be doing. The result of this contradiction is that tedium and waiting are often synonymous. Generations of American servicemen have grown uncomfortably familiar with the "hurry up and wait" routine of the military. On the other hand, the British and many Europeans are adjusted to forming a queue. They will sometimes, out of habit, stand in line when they're not quite sure what it is they're supposed to be standing in line for.

A seemingly universal ritual is waiting for the mail. There is a certain magic about mail. We wait for it because it often brings news from beyond our immediate sphere of activity—whether it be something as intimate as a personal letter, or something as neutral as an advertising circular addressed to "Resident."

Part of the habit of waiting for the mail, and part of its ultimate mystique, can be attributed to the assumption that its arrival may bring some totally unexpected turn of fortune—like an announcement that we have come into an unexpected inheritance, or the reverse, that we have been plunged into some unanticipated catastrophe. This built-in risk factor increases the fascination of waiting for the mail. Adventure and a full range of human emotions need only be as far away as the mailbox.

For certain kinds of waiting, then, there is a high level of expectancy, optimism. We presume that something pleasant is about to happen to us. Good fortune is just around the corner. Happiness is within our grasp. Or at least we have reason to think it might be.

Eventually, if things go on long enough, the reality of waiting sets in. Things don't quite happen the way we want or expect them to. Our actions are seldom precisely timed to the point where we can easily arrive at that moment in time when everything falls together. Sometimes, we are overtaken by events. Then there is no opportunity for waiting. Things happen and we cannot foretell or control them.

Waiting has become such a commonplace phenomenon that we have set aside special places for it in our buildings. Many of us have spent portions of our lives passing the time in a bus or train depot, in an airport, as we wait to depart or for someone to arrive. Often a major focus of activity in a city, these facilities reflect the spirit of their times in their architectural style. The more antique the waiting room, the more classical or rococo the decor.

Railroad waiting rooms such as those found in New York's Pennsylvania Station (the original station, alas, now vanished and supplanted by a more cost-efficient structure) or Chicago's Union Station are noted for their cathedral-like proportions. Here, the perspective is so grandiose that benches seem like pews waiting for the worshippers of public transportation. But railroad facilities have deteriorated to an embarrassingly low and seemingly irretrievable level so that there is scarcely a functioning railroad station left, much less one with an architecturally interesting waiting room.

Modern bus terminal waiting rooms are all business, framed with metal storage lockers and coin-operated machines that dispense everything from change for a dollar to small packages of cheese and crackers. There are no pretensions of opulence here. In fact, as Jack Kerouac noted in his novel, *On the Road*, there is another, more pungent quality to be observed: "The floors of bus stations are the same all over the country, always covered with butts and spit and they give a feeling of sadness that only bus stations have."

In the big cities, security officers patrol the premises to make sure passengers are protected from those who find these waiting rooms targets of opportunity, or places for shelter.

Airport waiting rooms are less immediately threatening. One reason is because of the general class differences between bus riders and airplane passengers. It costs more to go by plane. Another factor

is that the airport waiting room represents a kind of lunar landscape, a vast expanse empty of any significant topographical features and surrounded by glass so that the major focus of attention is on the coming and going of the planes.

There are other familiar waiting rooms for other purposes. Most of us have occupied at one time or another the places set aside in the doctor's or dentist's office, or at the hospital. The most notable features here are the antiseptic smell, the pictures supplied by pharmaceutical firms decorating the walls, and the collection of tattered magazines on the coffee table. The attitude you bring to these waiting rooms, of course, depends on your reason for coming. A routine visit is more relaxing than one which involves waiting for a diagnosis of some unknown, and presumed serious illness.

Waiting also generates certain physical signs. It is not hard to recognize someone who is waiting. A blankness of expression indicates a dullness of the senses and a temporary suspension of thought. Its manifestations are a slack jaw, a vacant stare from partially glazed eyes, and a loose posture symbolizing either complete boredom, or a resignation to fate.

The antithesis to this somewhat catatonic state is those outward registers of anxiety that accompany other forms of waiting. One of the clichés of this agitated state used to be the image of the harried expectant father chain smoking as he nervously paced the waiting room floor in the maternity ward. The image is no longer very useful as many fathers now move right into the delivery room to witness the actual delivery.

The extreme of waiting is procrastination, an attitude which seeks to defer action to the point where it is not required after all. The procrastinator believes that events usually have a way of taking care of themselves.

Quite often they do.  
Wait and see. □

#### continued from page 28

across the country. The common experience served as still another tie in the lifetime events of many men and women now in their fifties and sixties. The memories of student days spent in such unorthodox fashion will never be forgotten.

No one admired and supported the veteran families more than President and Mrs. Fred. Sundays would find them visiting Badger Village or Truax housing, in addition to their continual daily interest. There was a genuine concern for the well being of the student-veterans. The President's House on Prospect Avenue housed at least four couples for the duration of the housing shortage, which was three or four years. Other couples lived at 10 Babcock Drive with President and Mrs. Fred.

Mrs. Fred says of the period:

It gave you faith in people, to see those who had such awful war experiences making the best of everything and going through school. They were determined to get an education. They were so thrilled to be out of the war. They were just the best! I never heard a complaint. Never. They were just the finest group of people, and all of them had children to worry about too. You would have never known that they had had any bad things in their lives. That impressed me more than anything. That they could still enjoy life was so important. They were so grateful to be back!

Mr. Fred said often in those days, "We'll never have another class like this one. And we never did!"

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*Rosa B. Fred and Gladys D. Kauffman both experienced the post World War II era on campus. While Mrs. Fred's husband was president of the University of Wisconsin during those years, Mrs. Kauffman's husband was a veteran-student at the University of Denver and Northwestern University.*

### Profits from the Unprofitable

by Thompson Webb

It is like offering to teach grandmother to suck eggs for a publisher in Wisconsin to address WASAL on scholarly publishing. WASAL's impressive list goes back more than a century—to 1872, in fact—a record for continuous dissemination of the results of research that is longer than that of any American university press. For this reason, as representative of the junior service, I must temper what I say with becoming humility; but I am also a member of the Academy, and this *Review* is a suitable place in which to consider briefly what it is that we Academy members, and especially our predecessors, have been doing with distinction for so long.

To appreciate scholarly publishing, one must first define publishing. (Printing, a term sometimes confused with publishing, is the manufacturing process by which a publisher's works are produced; though publishers in other centuries were often printers, the two functions today are generally separate.) Publishers select from among manuscripts, which may or may not have been commissioned, and ordinarily prepare them for printing, employ printers for manufacture, and promote and distribute the finished products. This describes the work of most

publishers—trade, text, juvenile, religious, scholarly, or any other; but only the first of the functions listed, selection, cannot be delegated. A publisher chooses. It is the performance of that act that is diagnostic. He remains a publisher, though he may have commissioned others to perform some of the other tasks, as long as he determines what is to be printed and disseminated. Selection, to quote one university publisher, determines "The intellectual and moral character of the enterprise." Others may offer the other services; but, if they do not exercise judgment in the choice of content they are not publishers.

This is the significant distinction between so-called "vanity publishing" and true publishing that is subsidized. The former includes paid-for arrangements, more or less competent, for reproduction and distribution but no discrimination as to content; the latter reflects the exercise of critical faculties according to some recognized editorial criteria although the expected returns from distribution will not equal the costs of publication.

If the scholarship is such that the publication will be of high quality, one may ask, why is subsidy needed? Why should WASAL

members (with dues), the university (with budgets and gift funds), and the state (with tax moneys) support publications that, when offered in the marketplace, cannot recover their expenses? The answer lies in the fact that there is no correlation between virtue and popularity. Consider, for instance, expenditures in the United States for tobacco and for education. Furthermore, there is another peculiarity of true scholarship, the search for new knowledge; it is by definition something the general public has not become interested in. Often research is ten, twenty, or even more years ahead of popular interest. Late in the last century, when Birge began publishing in *Transactions* the results of his life-long study of Lake Mendota, how many other people in Wisconsin knew or cared? Today, now that we are all concerned about water quality and the condition of our lakes, what Birge discovered and what the Academy published is the foundation of major efforts to protect our environment. Birge lived to be 98 but not long enough to see his work on lakes achieve popularity. *Transactions*, however, survives him and passes on his findings to a generation that has discovered them to be useful.

Publishing the results of research is not a business, but those of us engaged in it must be businesslike. Scholarship does not justify careless management or uneconomic practices. It demands above all, the most perspicacious critical faculties because it is the investment for the future. We members of the Academy can take pride in the contribution that WASAL has made to the present and resolve that Wisconsin will continue, through WASAL's publications and others, to store up accumulating, if not always appreciated, knowledge as an un-erodable treasure for those who come after us.

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*Thompson Webb has been director of the University of Wisconsin Press since 1947.*

## BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

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### GHOST TOWNS OF

**WISCONSIN** by William E. Stark; Zimmermann Press, Sheboygan, 1977. 200 pp. \$12.95.

Ghost towns in Wisconsin? Of course. I was born in one. In 1912, Donald, in Taylor County, was a thriving sawmill town. Although it is still listed on maps, when I last visited in 1960, I saw only a cluster of buildings.

William E. Stark did not include Donald in *Ghost Towns of Wisconsin*. When he discovered that the state was rich in ghost towns and ghost town lore, he chose for his book the areas of greatest historical interest and greatest availability of information. The result is a book for local history buffs, side road explorers, and free lance writers. The enthusiasm which Stark has written into every page should serve as a catalyst for others to research and record the history of every almost-forgotten hamlet in the state. What a rich addendum to Wisconsin history could result!

Fortunately, the stories of many ghost towns are already being saved from oblivion by the senior citizens of Wisconsin who enter the yearly Yarns of Yesteryear contest sponsored by University of Wisconsin Extension Arts Development and Wisconsin Regional Writers Association. Coonville, Limerick, Columbia, Richland City, and numerous others would remain as names on a tombstone were it not that older residents of the state are now putting to paper the tales told them by parents and grandparents.

Stark, however, did not hear legends of dead cities from friends or relatives. He became hooked while researching early Wisconsin furniture in preparation for a lecture. He writes: "It was while frantically researching the subject that I read original manuscripts of several early territorial settlers. A number of times references to the village of Sinipee appeared. It was supposed to be located in Grant County. I checked and rechecked detailed maps of the area but found no Sinipee.

"By this time I had completely forgotten furniture. In a state of frustration I contacted the editors of the county's few newspapers—primarily weeklies. In a back issue of one—September, 1927—I found a poignant history of Sinipee—a village which boomed for exactly two years.

"The account was so fascinating that early one summer morning, instead of going to the office, I headed west across the state. I spent one of the most interesting and provocative days of my life finding the site of Sinipee, and then being escorted by a 73-year-old farmer across marshy fields and around the steep Mississippi River bluffs adjacent to the well-hidden ghost town."

That was the beginning of five years of exploration, research, and writing. The result is a book rich in historical detail. The pages abound with reference to prominent national and local figures, including Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, Charles Guiteau, the assassin of James Garfield, Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, James Jesse Strang, the only king crowned on

United States soil, Territorial Chief Justice Charles Dunn, and Chief Blackhawk. He gives equal space to those pioneer builders scarcely known outside their own communities.

From the dozens of ghost towns discovered through his explorations Stark has chosen 16 for his book: Sinipee, Ulao, Oil City, Gratiot's Grove, Pleasant Ridge, Voree, Belmont, Rock Island, Helena, Seeleyburg, Newport, Dunnville, Dover, Pokerville, La Rue, and Turtleville.

Exact directions are included for those history buffs who wish to visit the ghost town sites. Remaining landmarks are described and the names of local citizens knowledgeable in the history of the area given.

*Ghost Towns of Wisconsin* is a worthy addition to Badger bookshelves. Its one flaw is lack of an index. Perhaps this can be remedied in future editions.

Because the book is so attractively illustrated with old maps, photographs, and drawings, it makes an ideal gift, not only for history buffs but for the general reading public as well.

—Clarice Chase Dunn

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*Clarice Chase Dunn is a Madison free lance writer and teacher.*

### MY LAND, MY HOME, MY

**WISCONSIN** by Robert and Maryo Gard; The Milwaukee Journal, Milwaukee, 1978. 109 pp. Illustrated, paper \$3.95.

Bob Gard exudes books.

*Exudes* in the dictionary definition of "to emit as if through the pores; give off copiously." In fact he is so deft at the job that he makes it look as easy as the brilliant moves of the professional athlete. That, of course, can be deceptive, hardly indicative of the skill and effort involved.

Behind the more than 40 books written by Gard are countless hours of research and crack-of-dawn writing. Like the athlete, the artist,

and others, the key to the opening of the door to talent is discipline. This time around, as in past instances, he had the added assistance of Maryo Gard, wife and co-author.

The Gards subtitle this book, "The Epic Story of the Wisconsin Farm and Farm Family from Settlement Days to the Present," and so it is. As is the case with much of Bob Gard's work, *My Wisconsin* is not offered in the "scholarly" format; you will find no footnotes, detailed citations, or index. But the Gards did not write this book for the scholars or for scholarly recognition; it is of and for and about "the people." None of this, however, detracts from the factual base upon which the narrative has been painstakingly constructed. The fruit of the Gards' research is there, but equally important is the almost mystical quality of storytelling that has long characterized Robert E. Gard's style. He touched on that quality in *Grassroots Theater* (1954), when he wrote:

The willing wanderer sees things and intuitively knows things that others may not, and the whole sight, sound, smell, the poetic being of landscape, area, state. . . breed in him a kind of loyalty to place that his awareness alone makes possible.

*My Wisconsin* is divided into five sections: "The Land, The Land, And The People Coming"; "Of Wheat The Golden, And The New Machines"; "Of New Ways, And Of New Harvests"; "Of Man In Search Of Better Ways"; and "Wisconsin Is A Kaleidoscope Of Change—The Land Transformed." Interspersed throughout the narrative are the words of the people themselves, originating from conversations with the authors, old farm family correspondence, county histories, tombstone inscriptions, and personal journals. Also included is a complete county-by-county listing of Wisconsin's "century farms," farms that have

remained in the same family for 100 years or more. Throughout the book can be found an abundance of rural Wisconsin photographs and prints, from pioneer times to the present. A bibliography cites reference works as well as individuals that the Gards called upon to compile this warmly human and strangely moving salute to the land and those who tamed it, were molded by it, and who thereby shaped the present even as they now influence our future.

—J.B.

**THE WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD** by Frederick Stonehouse: Avery Color Studios, AuTrain, Mich., 1977. 190 pp. Paper.

On November 10, 1975 the ore carrier Edmund Fitzgerald, a 729-foot ship bearing 26,000 tons of taconite from Superior to Whitefish Bay, Michigan, went down with all hands. Twenty-nine lives were lost, and singer Gordon Lightfoot later memorialized the tragedy in a ballad, "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald," that went to the top of the pop music charts.

On May 4, 1978 the National Transportation Safety Board, by a 3-1 vote, rules that "The probable cause of the accident was sudden, massive flooding of the cargo hold which resulted from the collapse of a hatch cover (under pressure of heavy boarding seas). The ship, said the Safety Board, had been made vulnerable by damage done earlier in the storm to its ballast tank vents and shell plating, which combined to reduce the Fitzgerald's freeboard (the clearance between deck and sea) and gave the ship a list. This increased the force of the boarding seas, "which ultimately collapsed the hatch cover and flooded the ship."

No doubt there are those who see it as the work of visitors from outer space. But the lone dissenting board member simply contended that the "most probable cause of the sinking was shoaling"; either the ship struck the bottom or was thrown into shallow water that would have

increased the pressure of the pounding seas.

The issue will be argued for many years. Stonehouse's book, released before the Safety Board report, endeavors to "present as accurate an historical account as possible of the sinking. . . the events leading up to her loss and the subsequent investigation." The author, who holds a master's degree in American history and who wrote three other books on Lake Superior ship losses, is an accomplished diver and explorer of shipwrecks. His account makes for interesting reading, though there will be some who feel that Stonehouse tells them more than they really care to know. Included are a number of photographs, including underwater shots.

—J.B.

**FANCIFUL FABLES** edited by Patricia Wick and the other editors of Kinderhaus Press, a division of A. R. Pragare Co., Inc., Brookfield, 1978. \$4.95.

What book can tell you about the girl with the wooden helmet, Lap-titza and her twin sons, the frog that turned into a princess, and the girl who pretended to be a boy? Such characters as these and more inhabit the 15 folk tales in this paperback book.

Although the term "Fable" is used in the title, the more correct term "folk tale" is used in the foreword. The tales in this book depict some of the superstitions, medicinal practices, games, songs, festivals, dances, and old verses of the countries of Rumania, Japan, Russia, Italy, Brazil, India, Egypt, and Lapland. According to the publisher's advertising material, some of these stories are reprinted from Andrew Lang's *The Yellow Fairy Book*, *The Brown Fairy Book*, and *The Violet Fairy Book*. It is suggested in the foreword that the selections are the less well-known tales of the authors. It is also suggested that these selections will provide exposure to different life styles, supply a moral, and give enjoyment.

Folk tale ethics are not always acceptable in the modern world. These stories were told by adults to adults in an age when using wits against brute force was often the only means of survival. But many constructive moral lessons are exemplified, such as "The humble and good shall be exalted." These old tales stand for morality in that they leave an indelible impression of virtue invariably rewarded and evil unfailingly punished.

The provision of a glossary, an index of motifs, and a bibliography would make this book of greater worth. Including an introductory chapter on the value of folk tales, such as in Miriam Blanton Huber's *Story and Verse for Children*, would add to the merit of the book.

The foreword lists origins of the stories as India, Europe, Lapland, American Indians, Japan, and Australia. Clearer identification of origin for each individual story would be useful. A selection from Eskimo legends and from the Spanish tradition would be good additions, considering the proximity of Mexico and Canada. There is one, "Yara," from Brazil. An explanation of the choice of each by the editor from all the numerous collections and a hint of the uniqueness of this collection would be of value.

Several of the tales could stand some editing: "Tale of the Tontlawald," "The Girl Who Pretended to be a Boy," and "The Sister of the Sun." The plot is of first importance in folk tales, with typed characters and an economy of incidents essential.

The black and white woodcut illustrations, lifted from Andrew Lang's color fairy tale series, are appealing to older children and adults, not to young children. Also, the limited number of illustrations, the smaller print, and the length of some of the stories place the book in the older elementary grade level or "book to be read to younger children" category.

*Fanciful Fables* is Vol. II of a set, the first being *Fables of Daring*. They join the huge collection of children's books attempting to

capture the imagination, following such greats as Charles Perrault, the Grimm brothers, Andrew Lang, and more recently, Walter De La Mare, May Hill Arbuthnot, and Ruth Manning-Sanders.

—Dorothy F. Batt

*Dorothy F. Batt is a librarian with the Madison Public School system.*

**WOODLOT AND BALLOT BOX: MARATHON COUNTY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** by Howard R. Klueter and James J. Lorence; Marathon County Historical Society, Wausau, 1977. 414 pp. \$6.20.

This county history is divided, as its title implies, into two parts. The first five chapters treat of Marathon County's economic history, and with the exception of Chapter IV on the Great Depression, were prepared by Klueter, a free lance writer trained as an historian. The last three cover politics, and along with the depression chapter, are the contribution of Lorence who teaches American history at the UW Center-Marathon County. Within each group of chapters the treatment is chronological. Elements of social history appear from time to time in the economic and political portions, but no explicit effort is made to cover religion, education, other cultural institutions, the arts, reform, health, and welfare. On the other hand it proved impossible to separate political issues and party fortunes entirely from economic matters.

This is local history at its best. The research and writing reflect the standards of the professional historian; each chapter is followed by endnote documentation, the bibliography, while selective, is broad in scope and thoroughly cited, and there is a useful index of proper names. The authors avoid parochialism, undue attention to anecdotes and personalities, and a preference for hearsay and tradition over documented evidence; and they can distinguish between what is important and what is

clear and lively, and their material merely interesting. Their writing is so well organized that one can recommend the book alike to the serious scholar and the local patriot.

What is the story that Klueter and Lorence tell? It is of a large county, the largest in the state and twice the size of the average Wisconsin county, located in the north-central portion of Wisconsin athwart the Wisconsin River on its way due south. Wausau serves as county seat, the center of its commercial, financial, and industrial strength, and the contributor of one third of the county's roughly 100,000 population. Today's affluence, a nearly optimal blend of dairy farming and industry, and no serious social or political conflicts belie the often troubled story the authors tell of earlier decades in this century.

There was, for example, the harsh reality of the erosion of the county's role in the pine lumber industry early in this century. For a time various woodworking firms emerged to replace the dying lumber companies, but they too soon succumbed, and it took paper-making to rescue the county's non-farm economy. Of special interest in this transition are the activities of the so-called Wausau Group, an informal turn-of-the-century association of lumbermen, initially working to protect their own interests but soon more broadly concerned with industrial diversification. Equally interesting and even more consequential for Wausau's future was the founding in 1911 of the Employers Mutual Insurance Companies. Coincidental with the urban conversion from lumbering dependency was the rural-farm development of Marathon County prior to the Depression of 1929 into the most solid dairy county in the north; how the county's farmers survived the constantly changing challenges of the interwar depressions, the problems of World War II, and the postwar adjustments is a fascinating story.

It is especially useful to have an

account of county politics that illuminates the state scene without becoming lost in local detail. For the first four decades of the 20th century Marathon County was a La Follette progressive stronghold; a combination of farm, labor, and German votes withstood the strains of such diverse developments as prohibition, woman's suffrage, the Ku Klux Klan, the Depression of 1929, and the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. Then, for a time, the stalwart Republicans triumphed, but by the 1950s the Democrats, reshaping the old farmer-labor alliance, had become dominant.

No review of *Woodlot and Ballot Box* should fail to comment on the book's excellent appearance. The Historical Society and its printer, Worzalla of Stevens Point, are to be congratulated on general makeup, type face, the selection and reproduction of illustrations—in short, for the care they took to package a worthy book.

—Frederick I. Olson

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*Frederick I. Olson is professor of history and acting dean of the School of Library Science at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.*

**A HIVE OF SOULS** by James Hazard; Crossing Press, Trumansburg, N.Y., 1977. 95 pp. \$3.95.

The poems herein have been selected from Hazard's collections between 1968 and 1976. Only work from an early book, published by Hors Commerce of California, has been omitted.

So this collection is welcome. It is good to see Hazard's poems in a single volume, one readily available from a prestigious small press.

Jim Hazard has become identified as a regional poet, and in fact he seems to pursue this. He writes: "It gets more and more important to me that I live on the eastern edge of a big piece of North America that has Lake Michigan on one side and the Mississippi River on the other, while up top is Lake Superior and below the Ohio River."

But Hazard is a "regional" or "local" poet in the same sense that

W.C. Williams was. He writes of situations immediate to him, and he chronicles histories and lives from places around him. By extension, these lives are peculiar to life generally in the United States. And I mean "peculiar" in the best sense, for I think Hazard possesses a very finely-honed ironic wit.

The poems in *A Hive* are divided into three sections. Those in the first are for the most part of Hazard's personal story and his fantasies about it. If you want to get the ultimate tour through a museum, read "The Outlaw Museum Guide."

The second for the most part is comprised of the pastiche chronicle "Naming Oshkosh," a long poem about the original life of that city. It is a bit of a risk to say that Hazard gets as close to the reality of an early community as is done in *Wisconsin Death Trip*, for the poet is always seriocomic. But he leaves the reader with the sense of a surreal robber barony. And he is never all that tight-lipped.

The third section, "The Snow Crazy Copybook," is about a man who in 1934 leaves Milwaukee, or is booted out of there, for Clam Lake in northern Wisconsin. Two of the sections in particular—one the man's fantasy of Columbus in jail being visited by Jesus, who is scornfully driven from Columbus' presence; the other the dream of being married to Emily Dickinson—I have been hearing Hazard read these for a number of years, and I savor them.

Poet J.D. Whitney has written to the effect that it must be strange for Hazard's wife Susan to be married to so many people as are in the book. Hazard's response to this was that "what it is, is mental illness." *Whatever*—the book is alive and diverse. Hazard's work never bores me, and I am easily turned off by a lot of the poorly-crafted and pretentious stuff being published nowadays.

—Jim Stephens

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*Jim Stephens is a Madison poet and president of the Round River Society.*

**SEX, LOVE OR INFATUATION: HOW CAN I REALLY KNOW?** by Ray E. Short; Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, 1978. 176 pp. Paper \$1.95.

Wisconsin author and scholar, Ray Short, is obviously aware of the importance of love and sex to everyone. Most significantly, however, he realizes that many persons, especially young people, and the parents and counselors who advise them, are quite confused. They are bewildered about sex and love in a general way, but more specifically do not think wisely and well when making decisions about love and sex, decisions that often make the difference between success ("a rich love and a happy life") and failure ("Romantic infatuation. . .lures its innocent victims to the altar, then dashes their lovely hopes in the marital mud").

This one-evening-to-read book could be called an advising handbook. It gives good old-fashioned advice. Young people should read it. Their parents and counselors should also. The book is written "at seventh grade readability level." The advice is sound and sensible and based largely on research findings but partly on Professor Short's observations over the years while teaching a course in marriage and the family.

The book opens with a discussion of the difference between love and infatuation and the need for young people to do much better than they are doing now in choosing a person for a lifelong marriage. In each of 14 short chapters is a discussion of clues "to test a relationship." Each clue is intended to tell the reader whether he or she is on the road to an everlasting relationship or is involved in a short-term, misleading kind of "emotional trip."

The book presents a rational, objective approach to sorting out many confusing ideas about love and sex. Whether readers will heed the sound advice given is hard to say. I am not sure that the reader can be as rational as the author, but

if the reader can be, he or she will find this book to be very interesting and undoubtedly will learn something worthwhile.

—F. Chandler Young

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*F. Chandler Young, a former president of the Wisconsin Academy, is associate dean for student affairs in the UW-Madison College of Letters and Science.*

**AN OFFERING OF SONG** by Annetta Hamilton Rosser; Gilbert Productions, Madison, 1977. 111 pp. \$8.00.

To write songs musicians enjoy performing and listeners enjoy hearing was the intent of this composer in compiling 48 of her vocal solos into an attractive volume. The cover is intriguing enough to catch one's eye. It reproduces in black on gold a rubbing done by Mrs. Rosser of the brass of Margaret Peyton, 1484, Isleham, Cambridgeshire and resembles a prima donna in a stately recital posture.

Annetta Hamilton Rosser, also an accomplished violinist, has assembled her songs into nine groupings as one might present them in vocal concert: "Songs from the Chinese," "Elizabethan and Jacobean Songs," "Songs of Whimsey," "Songs for Children," and "Songs of Faith." The texts are by poets ranging from the ancient Sappho, 600 B.C., to contemporaries including Frost and Sandburg. In her preface, Mrs. Rosser says, "Each of the songs is an attempt to catch the spirit of the poem in music which will enhance the meaning of the text. As a singer I like to write a melodic line which follows the natural rhythm and flow of words, avoiding awkward intervals and leaps which seem more instrumental than vocal. My music is composed in a simple, transparent and tonal style with the hope that it has a fresh and personal character of its own."

Mrs. Rosser writes singable vocal lines in contrast to their accompaniments, yet the piano supports and enriches each musical

phrase. Her moods are created economically without superfluous notes, repetition, or extreme range. All of the music seems to lie best for a medium to high mezzo-soprano or baritone. Throughout the volume an excellent literary taste prevails with musical language presenting a graceful treatment of each text. There is a melodic freshness to Annetta Rosser's writing that often takes the singer through unexpected but intriguing intervals and key changes without sacrificing the fluidity and grace of the line. Perhaps this is because much of her creativity is the result of a special personal experience in which sight as well as sound act as inspiration for the composition of music.

Optional flute or violin obbligatos are available for some of the songs as well as duet arrangements for high and medium voices, providing attractive ensemble possibilities in performance. Many local soloists in Madison or elsewhere have sung Mrs. Rosser's music with sympathetic interpretation, prompting the composer to dedicate each song to a particular friend for whom it has special meaning. Perhaps this is why her musical setting of "Herrick's Carol," with its familiar words "What sweeter music can we bring?" is my favorite. This beautifully lyric and flowing song with alternate words for Christmas or Easter and an available C-instrument obligato represents the composer's cantilena style at its best.

For a happy mixture of solos that are witty with amusing twists and others that are romantic, rhapsodic and woven with a gentle religious faith, *An Offering of Song* is a good collection for mature and beginning singers. Mrs. Rosser's music was written to be shared and is worth the sharing.

—Lois Dick

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*Lois Dick is a Madison soprano performing in opera, musical comedy, radio, and lecture-recitals throughout Wisconsin.*

**BRITISH WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, A HISTORY FROM ANTIQUITY TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY** by Ronald Edward Zupko; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1977. 248 pp. \$15.00.

This comprehensive study of British metrology from the period of Roman occupation through the reign of the first Elizabeth directs attention to the problems associated with the institution of a uniform and reliable system of weights and measures. Considering the human, commercial, and legal problems involved, one is surprised to find any kind of progress toward simplification.

Besides natural tendencies toward use of falsified weights and scales there was an appalling failure to spell out precise definitions until very late in history. Statutes repeatedly expressed good intentions without including the wording that would make such statutes enforceable. Too much was left to the judgment of enforcement officials. Too often the regulations were riddled with private exceptions for friends of the ruler.

For example, trade practices varied from one business to another. Did a peck of grain refer to a heaped peck or a level peck? Merchants frequently expected to purchase a heaped peck but to sell a shallow one.

The creation of standards evolved slowly. Crown standards were seldom copied in sufficient numbers for them to be available to officials in principal commercial centers. Furthermore, local standards, which were in constant use, deteriorated rapidly but were not systematically replaced. Wooden standards decayed and became worm-eaten. Metallic standards changed in mass as they corroded. Officials were frequently untrained and were unaware of the subtleties of their responsibilities. The problems were further confused by the existence of several different systems of weights and measures generated in unique trades, then taken into more general use.

Fully half of the book is taken up by appendices tabulating systems in use for specific commodities in the import-export market, pre-imperial units, imperial units, and pre-metric units in western and eastern Europe. These tables will provide valuable reference tools for those needing to ascertain equivalencies.

Professor Zupko's book provides valuable insights into the growth of weights and measures as well as useful compilations of measures in use over a long period of history.

—Aaron J. Ihde

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Aaron J. Ihde is professor of chemistry, integrated liberal studies, and history of science at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. He is the author of *Development of Modern Chemistry, a history of the science during the past two centuries.*

### THIRD COAST HAIKU

ANTHOLOGY edited by C. Rossiter and Jeffrey Winke; Third Coast Archives, c/o House of Words, Milwaukee, 1978. 58pp. \$2.50.

In 1976 C. Rossiter and Jeffrey Winke began to publish the quarterly magazine "The Third Coast Archives" that is devoted to various types of poetry. Both editors being particularly interested in haiku, they have now published a small book of material devoted to this genre.

It contains an essay by Cor van den Heuvel, editor of the *Haiku Anthology*, a collection of the work of contemporary English language haikuists, as well as a reminiscence by Dr. Eric W. Amann, author of the *Wordless Poem* and editor of "Cicada" magazine.

While Randy Brooks's article is informative, his laboring of the point of calling haiku "high/coo" smacks of the cunning. The article and samples of the work of the renegade haikuist Chin Konoba Chang illustrate the point that haiku often reflect the darker side of life:

after the typhoon  
only one baby  
is crying

another drunk  
lying in the gutter  
the blowing leaves

The five pages of poetry by William Higginson are not haiku. It would appear that the editors were guilty of printing this work merely to use Higginson's name rather than for any particularly significant addition the material made to the subject at hand.

While the haiku of such writers as Raymond Roseliep, Ruth Latta, Elizabeth S. Lamb, Cor van den Heuvel and Felix Pollak are of course good, there are not a sufficient number of writers represented to call this book an anthology. However, this physically attractive, double-issue magazine, engagingly illustrated by the art work of Lynn Kapitan, should certainly be of interest to both students and writers of haiku.

—Joyce W. Webb

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Joyce Webb is a writer and poet living in Madison.

**DAYLIGHT IN THE SWAMP** by Robert W. Wells; Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 1978. 240 pp. \$8.85.

"Daylight in the swamp!" This was the early morning call to lumberjacks in the pineries to march out and begin the day's work.

From books, including state and local histories, articles, newspapers, short stories, and personal interviews with old loggers, Wells has given us a condensed account of the pine industry—in New York, Maine, New Hampshire, and New Brunswick as well as in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—as it moved westward from one demolished forest area to another in order to supply lumber for the growing market.

The story material focuses mainly on the colorful but at times hazardous life of the logger at work and play. Arranged loosely, it nevertheless gives a lively account

of life in the forests—an eye opener to the casual reader unacquainted with the mass of factual material available on the early lumber industry.

Wells tells of camp life: of the danger encountered in performing various logging jobs, of poor wages, miserable living conditions and food, injuries, and illness (including malaria and smallpox and typhoid epidemics), in spite of which a sort of camaraderie was achieved and the work accomplished by what must have been a superior breed of men. Danger was everywhere, from the hazards encountered in skidroad logging, log driving, and rafting, to major Wisconsin fires.

The social life of the lumberjack in nearby tough towns is recorded, perhaps with overemphasis on instances of hard drinking, fights, and prostitution, which are described in nearly every chapter.

Not neglected are the characters of folklore, Paul Bunyan and Eugene S. Shepard's Hodag, as well as some colorful and humorous characters in real life; also the story of John Dietz and his defense of Cameron Dam.

An interesting chapter deals with logging on the St. Croix River and its influence in the establishment of the Wisconsin-Minnesota boundary line.

A chapter entitled "Stealing the Public Timber" is devoted to corrupt dealings by the lumber interests such as the manipulation of voting in state and local elections and in tax assessments as well as graft in public land claims, illegal cutting, dishonest land agent deals, and collusion of lumber company owners over bidding to keep their costs low.

Illustrations include well-captioned work scenes and camp photographs as well as a good map.

—Otis Bersing

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Otis Bersing, for 32 years a member of the staff of the Department of Natural Resources, is a Madison freelance writer who specializes in Wisconsin history.

# INSIDE THE ACADEMY

## Then and Now

by Katherine G. Nelson  
Past President

I have been associated with the Academy for one third of its existence! It was 36 years ago that I first attended a Wisconsin Academy meeting; the next year, 1943, I joined, and presented a paper. Although I left the state for three years, on my return I served on the local committee for the 1947 Annual Meeting. Thus began my involvement which led to the vice-presidency in sciences; local chairmanship for the Annual Meeting at Milwaukee-Downer college; and, in 1952, to election as president.

Why this personal reminiscence? The message is "Get involved in Academy affairs." The more you put into an organization, the greater will be your return. Is it harder to become involved now that it was 30 years ago?

At that time, the real burden of holding the Academy together rested on the secretary-treasurer, who generally held office for several years (as long as we could persuade him to), and who also served as membership chairman and editor of the *Transactions*. He was the only officer to receive any remuneration, and the few hundred dollars he got went mainly to pay for clerical help in getting out the *Transactions* and the Annual Meeting notices. Among the dedicated men who held this all-encompassing office were Loyal Durand, Banner Bill Morgan, Aaron Ihde, Robert Dicke, and Francis Hole. When this was divided into three separate offices,

so was the small stipend divided among secretary, treasurer, and *Transactions* editor. Walter Scott had founded the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, and as its editor he too received about \$250 to help with expenses. The biggest item in the budget was the printing of the *Transactions*, and this annual item of \$3,000 or more was a real worry to the officers and Council members, some of whom visited the governor and the Legislature to solicit inclusion in the state budget.

In 1957, when meetings and membership appeared to have reached a stalemate, a Long-Range Program Planning Committee was appointed. As a result of their recommendations, the policy of a central theme was adopted, with a symposium of invited papers and a field trip (in addition to a half day of submitted papers). The 1958 meeting at Whitewater, focused on the Kettle Moraine, was a huge success, bringing not only a large attendance, but many new members. Through the next few years, spring meetings dealt with the Driftless Area, the Mississippi Valley, and conservation practices in Southeastern Wisconsin. The Sunday field trips were so popular that the idea of an informal Fall Gathering was conceived, with a field trip supplemented by a few invited papers or entertainment.

As time moves on, formats change. Traditions give way to innovations, and before long the innovations become traditions. What



kinds of meetings do present members want? Twenty years ago field trips brought people together in an informal atmosphere where zoologist, artist, linguist, botanist, PTA member, geologist, and historian found a common interest in natural and cultural settings of Wisconsin. These members looked forward to meeting each other year after year, in different parts of the state.

Recently I heard the Academy accused of having an inner circle that left out some of those at meetings. Can this be true? Are those of us who have been active for some time so glad to see each other at the spring and fall meetings that we neglect newcomers? I hope not.

Our membership is larger now; our assets are much greater; we have a permanent and excellent staff that handles most Academy business and that has made possible more frequent communication with the membership, through "Triforium." But communication should be two-way. We still need active membership participation. If you can offer service or ideas, let us know. Put your shoulder to the wheel—it is a circle that will take you in.

Katherine Nelson is a professor of geology at UW-Milwaukee.

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